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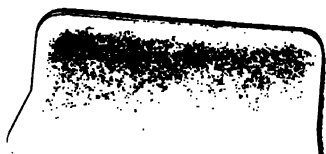
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See p. 1002





BELL's
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. IX.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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ELEGIES
*LOCAL, SYMPATHETIC AND FUNEREAL;
AND MONODIES.*



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ELEGIES
LOCAL, SYMPATHETIC, AND FUNEREAL.

ELEGY I.

THE
TOMB OF SHAKSPERE.

A
VISION.

BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

WHAT time the jocund rosie-bosom'd HOURS
Led forth the train of PHOEBUS and the SPRING,
And ZEPHYR mild profusely scatter'd flowers
On earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The MORN unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
Westward the raven-pinion'd Darkness flew,
The Landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the sullen Ghosts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,
And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe :

The God of sleep mysterious visions led
In gay procession 'fore the mental eye ;
And my free'd soul awhile her mansion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air, methought, I took my flight,
Through every clime, o'er every region pass'd,
No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,
HESPERIAN garden, or CIMMERIAN waste.

On AVON's banks I lit, whose streams appear
To wind with eddies fond round SHAKSPEARE'S
tomb,
The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here FANCY sat, (her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unsullied sod,)
And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mold,
Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

Ah ! what avails, she cry'd, a Poet's name ?
Ah ! what avails th' immortalizing breath
To snatch from dumb Oblivion others fame ?
My darling child here lies a prey to Death !

Let gentle OTWAY, white-rob'd PITY's priest,
From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,
Or SOUTHERN captivate th' impassion'd breast
With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

For not to these *his* genius was confin'd,
 Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
 Poetic transports of the madding mind,
 And the wing'd words that waft the soul to heaven :

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
 Piercing all objects of creation's store,
 Which on this world's extended surface lie ;
 And plastic thought that still created more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,
 Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye,
 To view each Being in poetic pride,
 To whom thy son gave immortality.

Sweet FANCY smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
 When strait these visions felt her pow'rful arm,
 And one by one succeeded at her nod,
 As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form (of azure hue
 Whose mantle, bound with brede aetherial, flow'd
 To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
 Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
 Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
 With fenny vapors he obscur'd the day,
 Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

He whirl'd the tempest through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunder-clap on high,
And rais'd the roaring elemental war
Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then, like heaven's mild ambassador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,
Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien
Another form succeeded to my view ;
A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a Witch and Devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
The flow'ry margin of a silent stream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver CYNTHIA's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glass,
That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Through these the queen TITANIA pass'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to see great OBERON her lord
Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A stouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd ;
Each little helmet sparkled like a star,
And their sharp spears in pierceless phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thistles, glitter'd in the air.

The scene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three swart sisters of the *weird* band
Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,
And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn
Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which rag'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
Where smiling Comfort never shew'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
Discovering all the terrors of the place.

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
Whilst ghastly spectres glided slowly by,
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,
The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
Each *weird* sister vanish'd into smoke,
Now a dire yell of spirits underground
Thro' troubled Earth's wide yawning surface broke ;

When lo! each injur'd apparition rose ;
Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed ;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen—but now the God of day
O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had spread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle dreams away,
And on *their* wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear ENCHANTRESS of the brain
My waking eyes with wishful wand'rings sought,
Whose magic will controls th' ideal train,
The ever-restless progeny of THOUGHT.

Sweet power, I said, for others gild the ray
Of Wealth, or Honor's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude astray
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,
Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,
In calm Contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free ?)
Through Error's maze my devious footsteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let not my reason impiously require
What heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow span,
But teach it to subdue each fierce desire,
Which wars within its own small empire, man.

Teach me, what all believe, but few possess ;
That life's best science is ourselves to know,
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.

And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame.

ELEGY II.

WOODSTOCK.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

me ! what is this mortal life ? (I cry'd)
That changes croud the page of flitting Time !
That dire reverse of Fate have numbers try'd !
That youth, what beauty, wither'd in the prime !

Orable Destiny pursues,
And levels in the chace with rapid wing :
In vain, or Mirth, or Merit sues,
Equally vain the beggar and the king !

What is Fame, the idol of the great ?
No solid Pleasure can she e'er bestow ;
Lost to Worth, that justice comes too late :
Omnipotent is her malice, but her mercy slow !—

As on the winding Isis' willowed bank,
The varying scenes of Fortune I deplore ;
Tingling in fruitless sighs the evening dank,
The waves adding water to the river's store.

A gloomy mansion open to the view,
Disclosing horror heighten'd by the shade;
Where round the nodding walls the mournful yew
Points to the vault where Rosamond was laid :

Where with her birds of night, haggard and foul,
In sullen fellowship together dwell,
The bat ambiguous, and ill-omen'd owl,
Screaming to nighted swains a dreadful knell !

Intent I gaz'd, till Terror, ruling sight,
Rear'd a pale spectre from the yawning tomb,
A faint delusion of the murky night,
Begot and bred in Fancy's fruitful womb !

Semblance of virgin elegance and grace,
The mimic shape in every part adorn'd ;
But wan and languid seem'd the beauteous face,
Which Elen envy'd, and which Henry mourn'd.

Now gently gliding o'er the hallow'd ground,
Close by my side the phantom made a stand,
Piercing the night-still'd air. An awful sound !
And claim'd attention with uplifted hand.

" I once was blest with Love's deluding joy,
I also felt the worst extreme of hate !
And can no length of time (she cry'd) destroy
Remembrance of my love, and of my fate !

' O had Oblivion in her peaceful cell,
Shrouded from every eye my mouldering dust !
That on the chissel'd stone no verse might tell,
My crime how great ! my punishment how just !

' But Woodstock's blooming bowers still remain,
The scenes, to me, of pleasure and of woe ;
And Godstow's walls perpetuate the stain
My name reproaching, whilst my grave they shew.

' O Woodstock, fated long to be the seat
Of all the charms that Wit and Beauty boast,
The hero's guerdon, and his soft retreat,
Yielding content, in fields and senates lost.

' Thy glories now are levell'd low in earth ;
No longer Beauty doth thy bowers adorn ;
No more thy woods resound the voice of Mirth ;
The laurel from thy victor brow is torn !

' But thou whose bosom foreign sorrow heaves,
Whose eyes can stream for anguish not thine own ;
Whose heart the white-rob'd fugitive receives,
When forc'd by awful Rigor from her throne ;

' The scourge of vice, the good man's destiny,
The wreck of fortune, and the waste of years ;
The miseries thou mournest thou shalt see,
Sad consolation granted to thy tears."

Now on the summit of a cloud-built height
Methought I stood : and from an opening glade
With faltering ray gleam'd forth a magic light,
And round the plain in lambent circles play'd.

Sudden the ground with inbred motion shook,
A solemn murmur rustled thro' the trees ;
And on the pebbled shore the surging brook
Dash'd angry waves, unconscious of a breeze !

Daedalian mystery ! from the parted soil,
A labyrinth 'rose to sounds of melting note ;
A moment's labor mocking all the toil
Of nations old, and monarchs long forgot.

High over-arch'd in Summer's gayest weed,
Meandering alleys form the wonderous maze,
And puzzle most when best they seem to lead
The untaught foot, that in their precincts strays.

Deep in a vale impervious to all tread,
Save by a flower-hid path, a grotto stood !
And ancient oaks their foliage round it spread,
O'ershading with their tops the neighbouring wood :

And Nature sporting, with a lavish hand
This little spot in gay profusion grac'd,
With every wanton variation plann'd,
Luxuriant Fancy yielding but to Taste.

Here on the brink of a pellucid stream,
 Circling in eddies o'er its moss-grown bed,
 Where ever and anon a quivering beam,
 Piercing the covert, on the surface play'd :

A Beauty lay, surpassing all the train
 Of virgin Delia, or Idalia's queen ;
 Or what of dryads poets sweetly feign,
 On Ida, or Thessalian Oeta seen.

And by her side a form imperial lay,
 With roses, and with myrtle garlands crown'd ;
 The wither'd laurel cast in scorn away,
 The pomp of war in Lydian measures drown'd.

The little Loves that flutter'd on the boughs,
 In grateful bondage did their limbs entwine,
 And strove to join them closer than their vows,
 With woodbine sweet, and twisted eglantine.

But weak all bonds when those of Beauty fail ;
 The monarch sated left the flowery bed,
 Nor griev'd to see the maid his loss bewail,
 Nor mingled parting tears with those she shed.

Now swift advancing to the guilty bower,
 With frantic step the injur'd queen drew nigh ;
 And arm'd for vengeance seiz'd the fatal hour,
 When all things slept but rage and jealousy.

Each eager hand a deadly weapon fill'd,
A pointed dagger, and a poison'd bowl;
My ebbing blood her mad demeanor chill'd,
And anguish unallay'd possess'd my soul.

Ah stop, inhuman! with a faltering tongue
And inarticulate voice, as in a dream,
I cry'd; and strait the rattling thunder rung,
And livid lightnings in the welkin gleam!

No more the mazy grove, or bower appear'd,
But all around a waste and barren plain;
The scatter'd trees of leaves and branches bar'd,
And blanch'd by frowning winds and beating rain.

And Murder shrieking hideous wander'd there:
And ruthless Envy, and relentless Hate,
With snaky locks, and shrivell'd bosoms bare,
Whilst lurking felons on their motions wait.

And soon the landscape shifting like a cloud,
To less'ning distance bore the hellish crew;
Now twang in fainter sounds their yellings loud;
Now vanish'd quite; a milder scene I view.

Of chequer'd light and shade, a sober dawn,
Faint thro' a lingering vapor did disclose,
A hamlet seated on an open lawn,
And from each roof the pillar'd smoke arose.

For now with frequent challenge, had the cock
His rivals menacing, awak'd the swain ;
Now in the pen impatient bleats the flock,
And ruddy streaks the horizon distain.

The crouching dog the moon no longer bays,
But stretch'd supine upon the social hearth
He lies, rejoicing in the crackling blaze,
Whilst slaunting sun-beams dry the moisten'd earth.

Whilst to the strain of rural minstrelsy,
A band forth issuing to a neighbouring hill
Welcom'd the morn with decent jollity,
And all the air their youthful carols fill.

With unskill'd hands a simple crown they wove
Of vervain, and the never-fading bay ;
And rais'd a throne within a rude alcove ;
To grace the parent of the British lay :

Old Chaucer, who in rough, unequal verse,
Sung quaint allusion and facetious tale ;
And ever as his jests he would rehearse,
Loud peals of laughter echo'd thro' the vale :

And eager gap'd the rustic listening throng,
And still their joy and laughter they renew ;
And warlike barons, soften'd by the song,
From loud alarms to mute attention drew.

But short-liv'd pleasure soon to sorrow chang'd,
For melody a sigh, for mirth a tear ;
And now the swains in solemn order rang'd,
Surround the bard extended on his bier.

What tho' succeeding poets, as their sire,
Revere his memory, and approve his wit ;
Tho' Spenser's elegance and Dryden's fire
His name to ages far remote transmit ;

His tuneless numbers hardly now survive,
As ruins of a dark and Gothic age ;
And all his blithsome tales their praise derive
From Pope's immortal song, and Prior's page !

Again, quick rising thro' the tufted green,
Turrets and lofty battlements ascend ;
Trees half obscuring columns, intervene,
And real boughs with sculptur'd fruitage blend.

And arched windows shine with torches clear,
Soothing the wanderer. A delusive home !
And busy crouds of ministers appear,
Decking with jocund haste a festive room.

And now of sprightly youths and damsels gay,
A wanton bevy at the board was set,
And all intent they seem'd on amorous play,
For kindling glances, kindling glances met.



Their volant fingers o'er the chorded lyre,
With modulating touch the artists ply ;
Pursuing still to animate desire,
Strains that in thrilling undulations die.

And every cheek with deep suffusion glow'd,
Denoting thought inflam'd, and troubled breast,
And passion in seducing sighs avow'd
Mutual, yet still by decency repress.

But soon excess to madding riot led,
Ensuing meaning jest, and licence bold ;
Till comely Order from the banquet fled,
Asham'd the lustful orgies to behold.

A youth exalted high above the rest,
In bad pre-eminence conspicuous shone !
And blind submission to his lewd behest,
Unrival'd lewdness from them all had won.

And deeply was he skill'd in wanton lore,
With fertile thought suggesting every art,
To make impurer, fires impure before,
Tainting at once the manners and the heart.

Pleasing proportion, youthful Beauty's aid,
And bland complacency and winning smile,
And wit diffusive tempting to persuade,
Maintain'd his power, and held him in the toil.

Ah! why should Nature in an angel dress,
To lure with seeming worth unwary eyes,
Conceal rank thoughts and gross voluptuousness,
Too apt to poison without Virtue's guise?

Pride of thy country, Wilmot, and her shame!
By every grace adorn'd, and Muse inspir'd!
Thy early fall how pitied! and thy name,
How much detested, and how much admir'd!

Yet must unbiass'd posterity admit,
For all thou wrot'st and acted'st to atone,
Thy failings were the age's, but thy wit,
Thy parts and dying penitence, thine own.

But now prevailing o'er the hubbub wild,
The clanging trumpet kindles great acclaim;
And all around are warlike trophies pil'd,
And crouds triumphant echo Churchill's fame.

And thronging senates in the glorious csuse,
Repell'd oppression, liberty maintain'd,
Accord with gratulant vote the loud applause;
The fairest prize by British valor gain'd.

Who erst implor'd, and soon obtain'd relief,
High-fated monarchs grateful homage pay,
And fulgent honors crown the matchless chief.
And verse harmonious, never to decay:

And humbled Gallia kneels with distant awe,
Her generals baffled, and her warriors slain;
No more to dictate but receive the law,
No longer to impose but wear the chain.

But venom'd Faction spreading o'er the land,
Too soon forgets the mighty debt to owe;
And Envy stretches out her lurid hand,
The victor's meed to blast and overthrow.

And yet unfinish'd stands the votive dome,
By all his toil and all his danger bought:
When just resentment calls him far from home,
Revisiting the fields where late he fought.

In vain auspicious Brunswick's happy reign,
Blunting the rancorous point of party strife,
Restores the hero to his friends again;
Too late to cheer the dregs of lengthen'd life!

The lofty column and the voice of praise
In vain proclaim him great, and just, and brave;
Tardy repentance merit ill repays,
Unheard, unheeded, in the silent grave!

In conquest equal, and alike in fate,
Rome's mounting genius, godlike Scipio stood;
And propp'd by worth and dignity innate,
Contemn'd the venal censure of the crowd.

Yet once again the visionary scene,
Ductile, for sorrow social beauty yields;
A temperate sunshine and an air serene,
Fostering the upland downs and level fields.

And tepid showers bedew the frolic herd,
Bounding in gamesome measure o'er the lea,
With daisies crimson-tipt, and green parterr'd,
And shadowing fragrance drops from every tree.

The wide expanded prospect gently clos'd,
On visto'd walks leading to high arcades;
Each waving copse in symmetry dispos'd,
Points to the terras capt with colonnades.

And more remote the cloister'd wings confine,
In architecture elegant and just,
A portall'd front where niches deep inshrine
The marble statue, and the gilded bust.

Unfolding wide the hospitable port
On ready hinges, to the searching eye
Reveals unblemish'd Childhood's harmless sport,
And placid parents stand delighted by.

For here unmindful of the call of State,
The smile of Favor, or the voice of Power;
In tranquil pleasure, even and sedate,
Great Churchill's heir enjoy'd the wasting hour.

And beaming rapture glisten'd on his brow,
And glad dependants share their patron's joy,
No frowns their heart-bred transports disallow,
Debasing worth in Servitude's alloy.

Such charms hath Innocence ! such virtues Pride !
From starry height her sacred powers descend,
The garish pomp of Grandeur to deride,
And giddy Fortune's rash decrees amend.

A day he flourish'd in the peaceful soil,
Another saw him on the hostile strand,
Guiding the thunders of the white-cliff'd isle,
Ambition's wasteful rapine to withstand.

To match his great progenitor in war,
Elate with hope his generous bosom burns ;
But inauspicious twinkled every star,
And heaven averted all his wishes spurns.

Too high request in every sphere to shine,
In peace a pattern, and a chief in blood ;
The gods to each a separate path assign,
But he alone is great who's truly good.

ELEGY III.

WRITTEN AMONGST THE RUINS OF

PONTEFRAC^T CASTLE.

MDCCLVI.

RIGHT sung the bard, that all-involving age,
With hand impartial deals the ruthless blow ;
That war, wide wasting, with impetuous rage,
Lays the tall spire, and sky-crown'd turret low.

A pile stupendous, once of fair renown,
This mould'ring mass of shapeless ruin rose,
Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns frown,
And birds obscene in ivy-bow'rs repose ;

Oft the pale matron from the threatening wall,
Suspicious, bids her heedless children fly ;
Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
Full swiftly steps the frightened peasant by.

But more respectful views th' historic sage,
Musing, these awful relics of decay,
That once a refuge form'd from hostile rage,
In HENRY's and in EDWARD's dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead,
That erst have trod this desolated ground;
Reflects how here unhappy SAL'SBURY bled,
When faction aim'd the death-dispensing wound.

Rest, gentle RIVERS ! and ill-fated GRAY !
A flow'r or tear oft strews your humble grave,
Whom Envy slew, to pave Ambition's way,
And whom a Monarch wept in vain to save.

Ah ! what avail'd th' alliance of a throne ?
The pomp of titles what, or pow'r rever'd ?
Happier ! to these the humble life unknown,
With virtue honor'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had thus the sons of bleeding Britain thought,
When hapless here inglorious RICHARD lay,
Yet many a prince, whose blood full dearly bought
The shameful triumph of the long-fought day :

Yet many a hero, whose defeated hand
In death resign'd the well contested field,
Had in his offspring sav'd a sinking land,
The Tyrant's terror, and the Nation's shield.

Ill could the Muse indignant grief forbear,
Should Mem'ry trace her bleeding Country's woes;
Ill could she count, without a bursting tear,
Th' inglorious triumphs of the vary'd Rose!

While YORK, with conquest and revenge elate,
Insulting, triumphs on St. Alban's plain,
Who views, nor pities HENRY's hapless fate,
Himself a captive, and his leaders slain?

Ah prince! unequal to the toils of war,
To stem ambition, Faction's rage to quell;
Happier! from these had Fortune plac'd thee far,
In some lone convent, or some peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen
Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day?
That vanquish'd YORK, on Wakefield's purple green,
Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay:

In vain fair Vict'ry beam'd the gladd'ning eye,
And, waving oft her golden pinions, smil'd;
Full soon the flatt'ring goddess meant to fly,
Full rightly deem'd unsteady Fortune's child.

Let Towton's field—but cease the dismal tale;
For much its horrors would the muse appall,
In softer strains suffice it to bewail
The Patriot's exile, or the Hero's fall.

Thus silver wharf, whose crystal-sparkling urn
Reflects the brilliance of his blooming shore,
Still, melancholy-mazing, seems to mourn,
But rolls, confus'd, a crimson wave no more.

ELEGY IV.

NETLEY ABBEY.

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

A Halcyon Calm has lull'd the wat'ry plain,
Th' unmoving canvass flags beside the Mast,
The gliding Bark scarce cleaves th' unruffled main,
Tho' fond Impatience bids each Zephyr haste.—

Such stillness yields the gen'ral hour of rest ;
Such peaceful waftage to the Saint is giv'n,
When, from Life's tumults hast'ning to be blest,
He meets the smile of unoffended Heav'n !

Now light upsprings the breeze, the sails unfold,
The ready Crew the fav'ring gale improve,
The Sun-bright Current flames with waving gold,
And each broad shore and forest seems to move.

I hail at last these Shades, this well-known Wood,
That skirts with verdant slope the barren strand,
Where NETLEY's Ruins, bord'ring on the flood,
Forlorn in melancholy Greatness stand.

How chang'd, alas! from that rever'd abode
Grac'd by proud Majesty in ancient days,
When Monks recluse these sacred pavements trod,
And taught th' unletter'd World its MAKER's praise!

Now sunk, deserted, and with weeds o'ergrown,
Yon prostrate walls their harder fate bewail;
Low on the ground their topmost Spires are thrown,
Once friendly Marks to guide the wand'ring Sail.

The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends
Its tangled foliage through the cloister'd space,
O'er the green Window's mould'ring height ascends,
And fondly clasps it with a last embrace.

Where burn the gorgeous Altar's lasting fires?
Where frowns the dreadful sanctuary now?
No more Religion's awful flame aspires!
No more th' Asylum guards the fated brow!

No more shall Charity, with sparkling eyes
And smiles of Welcome, wide unfold the door,
Where Pity list'ning still to Nature's cries,
Befriends the Wretched, and relieves the Poor!

No more these hoary Wilds, these dark'ning Groves,
To vocal Bands return the note of praise,
Whose Chiefs (as slow their long procession moves)
On the rear'd Cross with adoration gaze !——

And while to neighb'ring waves, th' unwonted show,
Each parting bough, and op'ning glade reveals,
The awe-struck Sailor checks the hast'ning prow,
Suspends his oar, and wonders what he feels.——

Thus musing, oft I pace the moss-grown Isle,
Each low-brow'd Vault, each dark Recess explore,
While the bleak wind howls thro' the shatter'd Pile,
Or wave hoarse-murm'ring breaks along the Shore.

No other sounds, amid these Arches heard,
The death-like Silence of their Gloom molest,
Save, the shrill plaints of some unsocial Bird,
That seeks the house of Solitude to rest.

Save, when their tinkling leaders to the shade
Of these cool grots, invite the fleecy Folds,
Where oft the sated Ox supinely laid
With lowing herds a distant converse holds !

Or where the Gothic pillar's slender form
(Unequal to th' incumbent quarry's weight)
Deserts its post, and reeling to the storm,
With sullen crash resigns its charge to Fate.

While the self-planted Oak, within confin'd,
 (Auxiliar to the Tempest's wild uproar)
Its giant branches fluctuates to the Wind,
 And rends the wall whose aid it courts no more.

Here too (Belief could old Tradition claim)
 Where swells the rocky Mound in shapeless heaps,
(His Name now lost, his Guilt divulg'd by Fame)
 Some rude Dismantler of this Abbey sleeps.

Long, long in thought the patient Earth he curs'd
 That bore the Fabric's then unbroken Spires ;
Long wish'd the pow'r to bid Volcanos burst,
 Or call from Heav'n thought-executing fires.

" Wide wave (he cry'd) all bright with golden Grain
 The neighb'ring vales, while this proud cumbrous
 Mass

For many a barren furlong chills the plain,
 And draws with idle zeal the Crowds that pass :

" No more the Vot'ries of each time-shook pile,
 As Ruin's heirs, shall call these shades their own ;
For blazon'd Arms explore the pageant Isle,
 Or search dark registers of faithless stone."

He spoke—resolv'd.—The menac'd Arches frown'd,
 The conscious walls in sudden Conflict join'd,
Crush'd the pale Wretch in one promiscuous wound,
 And left this Monument of Wrath behind.—

Scenes such as these, with salutary change,
O'er flatt'ring Life their melancholy cast;
Teach the free thoughts on wings of air to range,
O'erlook the present, and recall the past!—

Here pious Beadsmen, from the world retir'd,
In blissful visions wing'd their souls to Heav'n ;
While future joys their sober transports fir'd,
They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

Their blameless Race succeeding, in these Cells
Ere Death impos'd the lesson, learn'd to die ;
Alike forgot, no rais'd memorial tells
In which lone spot their kindred Ashes lie !

Mute is the matin Bell, whose early call
Warn'd the grey Fathers from their humble
beds ;

No midnight Taper gleams along the wall,
Or round the sculptur'd Saint its radiance sheds !

No Martyr's Shrine its high-wrought gold displays
To bid the wond'ring Zealot hither roam ;
No Relick here the Pilgrim's toil o'er pays,
And cheers his footsteps to a distant home !—

Still Twilight now its shade advancing throws,
Faint in the West the Day's last blush is seen ;
On Night's dim Front the Star of Ev'ning glows,
And gilds with distant Beams the solemn scene.

Illusion now re-peoples all the Void,
 From Death recalls the venerable Train
 (Whose thoughts no more Earth's trivial cares em-
 ploy'd)
 To tread their ancient Bounds, and weep again.

Swift as her wish th' embody'd Shades appear,
 O'er paths much chang'd with doubtful step they
 walk ;
 Each eye rolls fast the visionary tear,
 And list'ning Fancy thinks she hears them talk.

" Say, rev'rend Forms, in Contemplation's hours,
 While Life serene its golden Current roll'd,
 Did no kind warning, no prophetic pow'r
 This ravag'd Mansion's future woes unfold ?

" Did ye ne'er think the page of Joy would close ?
 Ne'er dread a Royal Plund'rer's mighty hand ?
 Your exil'd Order's yet unnumber'd woes,
 Their Name extinguish'd, and their Rites pro-
 phan'd ?"

Silent they pass,—then fading like a dream,
 To seek their lone unhonor'd Graves return ;
 Yet fleeting they bequeath a sigh, and seem
 With me these violated Groves to mourn.—

Yon parted Roofs that nod aloft in air,
The threat'ning Battlement, the rifted Tow'r,
The Choir's loose fragments scatter'd round, declare,
Insulting TIME, the Triumphs of thy pow'r!

Shall Man, unwarn'd, survey with prescient smile
Of long Futurity, the plann'd Abode?—
Vain Augur, turn!—behold where sinks the Pile
A Monarch rais'd in honor of his God!

Low lies that sceptred Founder's holy head,
Whose virtues bade these friendly walls ascend;
Applauding Angels grac'd his dying bed,
And Hope's bright dawn rose cloudless on his end!

Lamented Prince!—for Mercy's task he knew,
The reins of lengthen'd Empire gently sway'd;
He rais'd the suppliant Tribe his Sire o'erthrew,
And round his Bier each grateful Convent pray'd.

Not so retir'd fell JOHN's indignant soul—
For him no vows the doom of Heav'n oppos'd;
Insulted Priesthood mix'd th' envenom'd Bowl,
And Death his eyes in howling anguish clos'd.

Unsteady Ruler of a nation's helm!
Longstruggling freedom own'd thy hard Command;
Till fierce in arms thy BARONS shook the realm,
And tore THE CHARTER from thy ling'ring
hand!

'peace guard their dust!—their merits Glory
crown!—

Too far their worth transports the roving Muse,
Who kindles at the tale of old Renown,
Nor dares the Strain to Liberty refuse.

And now—farewell, ye Walls, ye Roofs sublime,
Ye lengthening Choirs, a venerable gloom!
And when, like you, your Poet bows to Time,
In yon dim Cloister yield his ashes room!

His hopes ne'er rose to emulate the Dead,
Whose dear-bought trophies crowd the venal Fane,
Where sculptur'd MARS may wreath the Coward's
head,
Or TRUTH's bright form o'er perjur'd dust com-
plain.

Midst Life's gay Scenes your calm Retreats he lov'd,
Your wrested pomp his artless numbers mourn—
Where led, by choice, his pensive footsteps rov'd,
May Friendship place, and you protect his urn!—

Could aught yet more endear your circling Wood,
It is ARDELIA! unconstrain'd and free,
That here, reflecting on Life's sum of good,
My breast first heav'd an anxious sigh for Thee!

You too, YE FAIR, of neighb'ring scenes the grace
(Whose envy'd praise the Bard advent'rous seeks,)
Once deign to visit this sequester'd place,
Instruction's voice amidst the Ruin speaks!

Whence claim they praise, these piles which strewn on
Earth
(A steril burthen) mock their former state?
'Tis from remembrance of their youthful Worth;—
They once were beautiful!—they once were
great!

Those Charms alone survive that deck the Heart,
Command respect which growing years increase,
Bloom when the Roses from the Cheek depart,
And ebbing Life's tumultuous raptures cease!

Forgive the Muse, if with presumptuous love
She woos your ears t' attend her moral Lay;
Lest faithless to themselves your pleasures prove,
And useless time steal unimprov'd away!

For know, your bosoms feed a Flame as bright
As cheers a dying CATO's latest hour;
A youthful AMMON warms to lead the fight,
Or lights a JULIUS to the goal of pow'r!

Oh! trust not then the force of radiant Eyes,
Those short-liv'd glories of your sportive band,—
Pleas'd with its Stars, though laughing Morn arise
A steadier beam Meridian Skies demand !

Reflect, ere (Victor of each lovely Frame)
TIME bids th' external, fleeting Graces fade,
'Tis Reason's Base supports the noblest Claim,
'Tis Sense preserves the Conquests Beauty made !

ELEGY V.

WRITTEN AMONG THE TOMBS IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HAIL, hallow'd Fane! amid whose mould'ring shrines,
Her vigils musing Melancholy keeps,
Upon her arm her harrow'd cheek reclines,
And o'er the spoils of human grandeur weeps.

Hail, awful edifice! thine isles along,
In contemplation wrapt, O let me stray!
And stealing from the idly busy throng,
Serenely meditate the moral lay.

Far hence be banish'd every note profane,
Where heav'n-inspir'd Devotion loves to raise
Her voice seraphic to each lofty strain,
Attun'd to celebrate Jehovah's praise.

Come, heavenly muse, awake the plaintive string,
Each vagrant motion of the mind control;
Exalt my fancy on thy soaring wing,
And with thy pathos pure possess my soul.

What pleasing sadness fills my thoughtful breast,
 Whene'er my steps these vaulted mansions trace;
Where in their silent tombs for ever rest
 The honor'd ashes of the British race!

What eye can read without a starting tear,
 What heart reflect without a pensive sigh,
On the same story, every marble here
 Relates of wretched man's mortality?

Here terminate Ambition's airy schemes,
 The syren Pleasure here allures no more;
Here grov'ling Avarice drops her golden dreams,
 And Life's fantastic trifles all are o'er.

No furious passions here the bosom rend,
 Here the true mourner's poignant sorrows cease;
Here hopeless love and cruel hatred end,
 And the world-weary trav'ler rests in peace.

Approach, vain child of fortune, pow'r and fame,
 Here learn a lesson from each speaking bust:
Lo! on each tomb engrav'd the empty name
 Of worldly greatness levell'd in the dust!

How high each pers'nage once, how honor'd I read;
 How low! how little now, look down and see!
Then scan thyself—and know it is decreed,
 That thou as little and as low shalt be.

Behold ! above yon monumental piles,
The king of terrors reigns in awful state !
And from his throne surveys with ghastly smiles
His triumphs over all the world calls great :

Surveys of British chivalry the flow'r,
Each mighty monarch, and each champion brave ;
Illustrious victims of his envious pow'r,
Sunk in the dust, and crumbling in the grave :

Surveys the wrecks of genius, beauty, birth,
Whate'er might charm the eye, or win the heart ;
Dissolv'd and blended with the common earth,
Or fest'ring recent from his vengeful dart.

Ah ! what avails all sublunary state !
The transient pomp and pageant of a day ;
Since kings and peasants, fellow slaves of fate,
When the dread summons comes must all obey.

Nor Edward's piety, nor Henry's might,
Could ward the all-subduing conqu'ror's blow ;
Brave Henry fell in the unequal fight,
And Edward's pious breast soon ceas'd to glow .

Nor lists dull Death to the melodious lyre,
Nor heeds the raptur'd poet's heavenly song ;
Quench'd in the dust is Milton's muse of fire,
And mute is Dryden's once harmonious tongue.

Nor Attic elegance, nor sprightly strains,
 Could e'er the tyrant's lifted jav'lin stay ;
Lo ! here repose chaste Addison's remains,
 Here jocund Prior sleeps, and here lies Gay.

Here too, sweet Shakspeare, Fancy's fav'rite child,
 The marble emulates thy power to please ;
With graceful attitude, and aspect mild,
 Expressing native dignity and ease.

Nor thy unrivall'd magic's potent charm,
 Nor tender stories of ill-fated love ;
Nor scenes of horror could his rage disarm,
 Or the insensate spectre's pity move.

Where were ye, Graces, where ye tuneful Nine,
 When Shakspeare's active spirit soar'd away ?
Where were ye, Virtues, when the spark divine
 Forsook its trembling tenement of clay ?

Alas ! around his couch attendant all,
 Ye saw the stroke the ruthless monster gave ;
Beheld (sad scene !) your darling vot'ry fall,
 And wept your inability to save.

Vain are all notes, how high soe'er they rise,
 All numbers vain, however smooth they flow ;
Beneath this letter'd pavement Cowley lies,
 And here thy reliques rest, pathetic Rowe !

Nor sage Philosophy, that scans the spheres,
Nor soft Persuasion's soothing art avails;
O'er Newton's tomb Urania pours her tears,
And her lov'd Campbell sad Suadela wails.

Cropt as a flow'r in blooming beauty's prime,
Lo! noble Cart'ret's urn! illustrious youth!
From age to age the hoary herald Time
Proclaims thy genius, innocence, and truth.

Alas! nor genius, innocence, nor truth,
Can in the bosom stay the fleeting breath,
Nor all the winning charms of blooming youth
Subdue thy flinty heart, obdurate Death!

Ah me! full many a victim yet unborn,
Relentless tyrant, at thy feet must fall,
Before the dawning of that joyful morn
When thou shalt yield, and "God be All in All."

Know, then shall come the period of thy sway,
And this reanimated dust shall rise
To hail thy victor on that glorious day,
When the shrill trump shall rend the vaulted skies.

Then from the yawning grave and op'ning tomb
Shall each reviving tenant lift his head,
And this time-honor'd temple's lab'ring womb
Resign its myriads of illustrious dead.

Ev'n now methinks, by Faith's pervading eye,
I see his banner in the clouds display'd,
And the world's Saviour from his throne on high
Descend in robes of purest light array'd.

O day of gladness to the good and just!
When they shall taste the wonders of his love,
And springing vig'rous from the lowly dust,
Ascend triumphant to the realms above.

Then shall the substance of this fabric fair,
These trophied pillars, and these piles decay,
Mix as a vapor with the empty air,
Or like a fleeting vision fade away.

Then shall the breathing bust, the sculptur'd vase.
And all the labors of the artist's hand,
Dissolve ; and virtue's adamant base
Alone amid the wreck of matter stand.

Yea, tho' creation founder in the storm,
And whelming perish in the gen'ral doom,
Yet shall celestial Virtue's angel form
Survive and flourish in immortal bloom.

Then shall the brave resolve, the gen'rous deed,
And valiant conflict in Religion's cause,
Alone be crown'd with merit's genuine meed,
And meet with righteous heav'n's deserv'd applause.

O ! be it then our wisdom to secure

Those radiant crowns that beam for ever bright,
Crowns that shall deck the merciful and pure,
Amid the mansions of eternal light !

ELEGY VI.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS

OF A

NOBLEMAN'S SEAT IN CORNWALL.

BY MR. MOORE.

AMIDST these venerable drear remains
Of antient grandeur, musing sad I stray ;
Around a melancholy silence reigns,
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race,
Aloft his mansion rose ; around were seen
Extensive gardens deck'd with every grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves through all the seasons
green.

Ah, where is now its boasted beauty fled !
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky,
And broken columns in confusion spread,
A rude misshapen heap of ruins lie !

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found :
How are these tottering walls by time defac'd !
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd !

In antient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread
Her artful snares to captivate the soul.

Or here, attended by a chosen train
Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,
Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,
Health, joy, and happiness by thousands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns,
No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,
No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains
At the once-bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
Which every clime was ransack'd to supply ?
O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,
And the dismantled walls in ruins lie !

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care
Arrang'd, from opening blossoms shed perfume,
And thick with fruitage stood, the pendent pear,
The ruddy-color'd peach, and glossy plumb.

Extinct is all the family of flowers :

In vain I seek the arbor's cool retreat,
Where antient friends in converse pass'd the hours,
Defended from the raging dog-star's heat.

Along the terrace-walks are straggling seen
The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,
Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,
And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves, where Pleasure walk'd her rounds, decay,
The mead untill'd a barren aspect wears ;
And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,
O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood ;
From far, by art the stream was taught to flow,
Whose liquid stores, supplied th' unfailing flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the scaly fry—
But perish'd now are all the numerous race,
Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye Great! behold th' uncertain state
Of earthly grandeur—beauty, strength, and power,
Alike are subject to the stroke of fate,
And flourish but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,
 Still permanent, tho' ages roll away ;
Who builds on her immortal basis, rears
 A superstructure time can ne'er decay.

ELEGY VII.

POLLIO.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR R—— CASTLE,

MDCCLXII.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Haec Jovem sentire, Deosque cunctos,
Spern bonam certamque domum reperto.

Hor.

THE peaceful Evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green ;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray ;
This is the hour, when, to the wise and good,
The heavenly Maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently waving boughs among,
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears !
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade ;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers ;
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale ;
Dark Solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains ;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets : still its towery head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of Age, a boastful air
 Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends ;
 Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
 Tho', trembling o'er the feeble crutch, he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
 Where oft the knights the beauteous dame have led;
 Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires exulting from the fight,
 Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
 Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight !
 Now lost to them ! and, ah how chang'd to me !

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
 The dear idea of my POLLIO bring ;
 So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,
 When here we wander'd in the eves of Spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
 And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,
 When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
 Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colors dy'd ;

So fair a blossom gentle POLLIO wore,
 These were the emblems of his healthful mind ;
 To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
 To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd :

Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied ;
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms ; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys !
Big with the scenes now past my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with Thee ;
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours ;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well have lost their cheering powers.

For Thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind !
My tenderest wish, my heart to Thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind !

How dreary is the gulph, how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repast !
Dread separation ! on the depth untry'd
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round she spacious heavens I cast my eyes ;
 And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
 Still shine the *lifeless* glories of the skies,
 And could thy bright, thy *living* soul expire ?

Far be the thought——The pleasures most sublime,
 The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
 The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,
 Chill'd in this vale of Death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wintery land,
 The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies :
 Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
 With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
 With patience waits the rosy opening day ;
 The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
 With chearful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on Life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
 In mental vision view the happy shore,
 Where POLLIO beckons to the peaceful coast,
 Where Fate and Death divide the friends no more.

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
 Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,
 Would tell the awful secrets of the Dead,
 And from my eyes the mortal film remove !

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In antient days, the holy Seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd ;

Restor'd Creation bright before them rose,
The burning desarts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountain sung, " Messiah reigns!"

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet, let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And sooths me wandering o'er my kindred bones,

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All Nature smiling, and by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.

ELEGY VIII.

THE *CHELSEA PENSIONER.*

BY SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.

BENEATH that mouldering turret's gloomy shade,
Where yonder pines their wide-spread branches
 wave,
A gallant Veteran rests his weary head,
And with him sleep his sorrows in the grave.

No breathing art adorns the sacred ground,
Points the tall spire, or bids the trophy rise,
A scanty turf with twisted osier bound
Scarce marks the spot where buried honor lies.

Ah, what avails him, that in youth's gay prime
Each unremitting toil of war he bore,
Each sickly change of every varying clime,
From Europe's strand to Asia's sultry shore?

How short the glory of the poor man's deeds !
How slight the fame he fondly thinks his own !
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,
Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

Yet though no plumed steeds, no sable car,
Call forth the hireling's mercenary tear,
No blazon'd banners streaming from afar
Flaunt their vain honors o'er thine humble bier ;

Yet on the margin of the path-worn green,
Near the lov'd spot where thy cold relics rest,
Fair virtue's angel-form shall oft be seen
To bid the turf lie lightly on thy breast.

The thoughtless many, the misjudging croud,
Whose glance scarce beams beyond the present
hour,
May idolize the follies of the proud,
Or bend submissive at the shrine of pow'r ;

But with the chosen band, the manly few,
Whose sober approbation far outweighs,
In reason's scale, the clamorous fickle crew,
And the vain tumult of their fleeting praise—

—(Scorning the pageantry of pomp, and place)
Their hearts shall pay the tributary sigh
To that poor virtue, from whose humble base
Tow'r'd the proud columns that insult the sky.

Though she, whose beauty's all-enchancing pow'r
 Could every sterner care of life beguile,
 Whose charms could sooth reflection's sickening hour,
 Or bid the cheerless brow of sorrow smile ;

Far from these dreary scenes for ever torn,
 No more shall animate each rapturous strain,
 Now sweetly smiling, now with looks of scorn,
 Hiding her heart, that sunk at giving pain :—

Yet when emerging from the giddy throng,
 When every eye but mine is seal'd in rest,
 Pensive I walk these time-mark'd walls among,
 And kiss the hallow'd ground her footsteps press'd;

Here while the scenes of former bliss arise,
 (Sad source from whence these tears of anguish
 flow)

Far from the sneering fool, or censuring wise,
 I nurse in solitude the seeds of woe—

—Deaf to the voice of pleasure, or of fame,
 Yet not from pity's milder influence free,
 E'en then, not unregardful of thy name,
 This aching breast shall heave one sigh for thee.

ELEGY IX.

THE *DEBTOR.*

By the Same.

CHILDREN of Affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r !
O haste and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear,
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To view of bliss, to scenes of affluence born ;
The hand of pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

ELEGY X.

THE
POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. DR. ROBERTS,
OF ETON.

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM.

AMIDST the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,
Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole;

O Chatham, nurs'd in ancient Virtue's lore,
To these sad strains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the God, whom thou, and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer.

Ah me! how blest was once a peasant's life!
No lawless passion swell'd my even breast:
Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

r for guilty, painful pleasures rov'd,
taught by Nature, and by choice to wed,
all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
th her I staid my heart, with her my bed.

ld her worth I ask'd no wealthy power,
toil could feed her, and my arm defend ;
uth, or age, in pain, or pleasure's hour,
e same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

she, the faithful partner of my care,
hen ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye.

, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
ith savory herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
such plain food as Nature could afford,
e simple Nature was debauch'd by Art.

le I, contented with my homely cheer,
w round my knees my prattling children play ;
oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear
he little history of their idle day.

ah! how chang'd the scene! On the cold stones,
here wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Famine sits and counts her naked bones,
ill sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

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No lawless passion swell'd my even breast :
Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,
Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleasures rov'd,
But taught by Nature, and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom best I lov'd,
With her I staid my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth I ask'd no wealthy power,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend ;
In youth, or age, in pain, or pleasure's hour,
The same fond husband, father, brother, friend.

And she, the faithful partner of my care,
When ruddy evening streak'd the western sky,
Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
Or thro' the beech-wood cast an anxious eye.

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
With savory herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From such plain food as Nature could afford,
Ere simple Nature was debauch'd by Art.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
Saw round my knees my prattling children play ;
And oft with pleas'd attention sat to hear
The little history of their idle day.

But ah ! how chang'd the scene ! On the cold stones,
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Pale Famine sits and counts her naked bones,
Still sighs for food, still pines with vain desire.

My faithful wife with ever-streaming eyes
Hangs on my bosom her dejected head :
My helpless infants raise their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honest love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie :
Three tedious days with pinching want he strove,
The fourth, I saw the helpless cherub die.

Nor long shall ye remain. With visage sour
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home ;
And arm'd with cruel Law's coercive power,
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, Chatham, have I pass'd a day
In Riot's orgies, or in idle ease ;
Ne'er have I sacrific'd to sport and play,
Or wish'd a pamper'd appetite to please.

Hard was my fare, and constant was my toil,
Still with the morning's orient light I rose,
Fell'd the stout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the sun, in dark December froze.

Is it that Nature with a niggard hand
Withholds her gifts from these once-favor'd plains ?
Has God, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent Dearth and Famine to her labouring swains ?

Ah no; yon hill, where daily sweats my brow,
 A thousand flocks, a thousand herds adorn;
 Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
 Feels all her acres crown'd with wavy corn.

But what avails that o'er the furrow'd soil
 In Autumn's heat the yellow harvests rise,
 If artificial want elude my toil,
 Untasted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits, that at distance I behold
 My wealthy neighbour's fragrant smoke ascend;
 If still the griping cormorants withhold
 The fruits which rain and genial seasons send?

If those fell vipers of the public weal
 Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
 If still the curse of penury we feel,
 And in the midst of plenty pine away?

In every port the vessel rides secure,
 That wafts our harvest to a foreign shore;
 While we the pangs of pressing want endure,
 The sons of strangers riot on our store.

O generous Chatham, stop those fatal sails,
 Once more with out-stretch'd arm thy Britons save;
 The unheeding crew but wait for favouring gales,
 O stop them, ere they stem Italia's wave.

From thee alone I hope for instant aid,
 'Tis thou alone canst save my children's breath;
 O deem not little of our cruel meed,
 O haste to help us, for delay is death.

So may not Spleen, nor Envy blast thy name,
 Nor voice profane thy patriot acts deride;
 Still may'st thou stand the first in honest fame,
 Unstung by Folly, Vanity, or Pride.

So may thy languid limbs with strength be brac'd,
 And glowing Health support thy active soul;
 With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
 Far as thou bad'st Britannia's thunder roll.

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
 The grateful hind shall drink from Plenty's horn:
 And while they share the cultur'd land's increase,
 The poor shall bless the day when Pitt was born.

ELEGY XI.

THE

BEGGAR.

.....inopemque paternal
Et Laris, et Fundi.

Hor.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span :
Oh ! give relief—and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years :
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)

Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not with-hold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow—and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care !
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—ling'ring fell a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh ! give relief—and Heaven will bless your store.

ELEGY XII.

BY

DANIEL HAYES, ESQ.

Alas! what avails this short sublunar sphere?
Why wish to act in the fantastic scene,
Subject at best to many a doubt and fear,
Too oft to cold neglect, and certain pain?

Why does vain man his fondest wishes pour?
Why do his earliest prayers attack the sky,
To stretch the space of each contracted hour?
Say, is it then so terrible to die?

What joys hath life to counterpoise its cares?
What sweets to recompence for all its woes?
Lo! Av'rice gnaws, and fell Ambition tears
The racking breast with hell's united throes.

Lo! squinting Jealousy's unsettled frown!
Lo! haggard Envy, with her bloodshot eye,
Sick'ning at noble deeds and fair renown,
And circulating still th' envenom'd lie.

And creeping Fraud, with well-dissembled leer,
Exerts her base insinuating art,
Watching the generous stripling's prone career,
To circumvent his unsuspecting heart.

Nor these alone embitter th' irksome way,
That leads to fleeting life's uncertain goal
Pandora's ministers, a dread array,
Convulse the sense, and rack the tortur'd soul.

Who but has seen the epileptic rage,
With wild distortion rend the alter'd frame ;
The Palsy, sad concomitant of age,
And thirsty Fever's all-devouring flame !

That fell disease which o'er th' enchanting face,
The hideous veil of rugged horror throws ;
The Dropsy, ever swol'n with foul increase,
And pamper'd Gout's excruciating woes.

Did lavish Fortune from her endless store,
Vain mortal ! gratify each greedy thought ;
Did new-born pleasures court each circling hour,
Alas ! how dearly is existence bought !

How dearer still, when nor kind Fortune's ray,
Nor vivid pleasure, nor serene delight,
Behold the sad morning of the wretch's day,
Or close his eye-lids in the stormy night !

Such are his fates, who now in plaintive lore
Pours forth the anguish of his woe-struck mind,
Swelling with tears the gentle river's store,
Beneath a weeping willow's shade reclin'd :

Or near that pile, where, mouldering in the tomb,
The frail remains of once fam'd St. John lie,
Joyless he wanders through night's murky gloom,
The hollow winds re-echoing to his sigh :

Banish'd his much-lov'd home, the blissful plains,
Where princely Shannon laves the flowery strand,
No dear associate, no kind friend remains,
To cheer his wanderings in a foreign land.

And thee, fair Limerick ! whose beleaguer'd wall
So oft the bolts of raging Britain stood ;
Before thy gates what thousands met their fall,
And with their bodies choak'd the spacious flood !

Parent of heroes ! each illustrious child
Enlarg'd thy fame through every rolling age ;
Propitious Fortune on her labour smil'd,
And with their triumphs swell'd the storied page.

Thine was Borhame, who fierce in days of yore,
'Gainst Denmark's power his hardy squadrons led ;
Loud rag'd the fight on Clontarff's sounding shore,
When by his arm the stern Turgesus bled.

Crush'd are the tyrants, pierc'd with thousand wounds,
The vanquish'd raven drops her heavy wing ;
Borhame and Liberty the beach resounds,
And freed Eblana's joyful turrets ring.

Who like Borhame could launch the deathful spear ?
Who stem the torrent of th' impetuous fray ?
Or who like him his drooping vassals cheer,
And bless a nation with the happiest sway ?

But what is he, who, by the midnight gloom,
Through yonder camp his fearless passage bends !
Sudden terrific fires the skies illumine,
And the loud burst th' affrighted welkin reads.

Fir'd is the magazine, these sulphur'd stores,
Destin'd to waste Ierne's fruitful land ;
Burst the rude guns that menac'd her fair towers,
And all by Sarsfield's unassisted hand.

Nor yet, blest city ! is that worth no more,
Which erst in fighting fields thy sons did claim ;
Lo ! Coote's strong arm controls the Indian shore,
Whilst Niagara roars thy Massy's fame.

Equal in arts, thy polish'd sons excel,
Ierne's brightest ornaments of yore ;
Who, like Fitz-Gibbon, clears Law's mystic spell,
Whilst wondering senates hang on Pery's lore !

Southwell is thine, with every power to please,
The patriot's freedom with the courtier's art,
That noble art of elegance and ease,
To win and hold the captivated heart.

With him how pleasing flew th' instructive hours,
By Castleconnel's sacred fountain laid ;
Whilst fruits and blossoms deck'd the high-arch'd
bowers,
And purple fragrance blush'd in every mead.

Propitious Naiad of that healing stream,
Inspire my grateful breast thy praise to sing ;
Thy cordial draughts restore the sickly frame,
And youthful vigour gushes from thy spring.

What though thy shore can boast no gay parade,
No circus regular, no splendid rooms,
Lovely simplicity adorns thy glade,
And lavish Nature in perfection blooms.

Serene Contentment, with unclouded brow,
Sheds her soft influence o'er thy flowery dale !
Secure delights in sweet succession flow,
And Health inspires the animating gale.

Nor baneful dice thy evening hour molest,
Nor titled courtesan's uncomely smiles
Kindle the flame in youth's too eager breast,
Nor faithless wife the sacred couch defiles.

Chaste are thy damsels as the virgin train
Which through Thessalian groves Diana guides;
Their hearts, their radiant eyes, untaught to feign,
Whilst o'er each glance fair Decency presides.

Recount their names ! I might as well display
Each flower that opens on the summer lawn,
Each shining gem that decks yon starry way,
Ere yet invidious morn begins to dawn.

Yet far from these did rough Misfortune's frown
Compel the woe-bewilder'd bard to fly ;
Hence from his bosom bursts th' incessant groan,
Th' incessant tear that swells his aching eye.

Ah ! where is now Selinda's vivid smile,
That wont to shed celestial gladness round ;
Her converse sweet, that could all cares beguile,
And pour the balm of pity in each wound.

Exil'd from her how toilsome creep the hours,
Though friendly Chelsea yields its grateful shade ;
Though Thames' soft waters hush the willow'd shores,
And Nature's music quivers through the glade ?

Exil'd from her, not all that Nature boasts,
Not all the flaming treasures of the East,
Not all the sweets that crown Campania's coasts,
Could soothe the slightest pang that rends my breast.

She was indeed—but hold ! my racking brain,
Canst thou the glories of that form disclose ?
As soon (vain wretch !) attempt in frantic strain,
To point each dew-drop on the vernal rose.

Her eyes were brighter than the orient beam,
Her voice far sweeter than sweet Philomel ;
Easy proportion harmoniz'd her frame,
Heaven gave a mind, and bade her to excel.

What have I done ?—Sure some infatuate sire,
Or private rage, or private discord led ;
God's sacred fane consum'd with impious fire,
Which th' angry power avenges on my head.

Welcome, Despair ! thou king of horrors, come,
Crush this loath'd being to its primal clay,
Prepar'd, I wait th' inexorable doom,
And bid adieu to Hope's remotest ray.

Forgotten be my name, my age, my birth ;
Let black oblivion all my woes conceal :
These killing woes would poison future mirth,
And happy lovers shudder at the tale.

ELEGY XIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

MEMORY, be still ! why throng upon the thought
These scenes so deeply stain'd with Sorrow's dye ?
Is there in all thy stores no chearful draught,
To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye ?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
Embellish'd by the lavish hand of Spring ;
Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the skies,
And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid !
What smiles in every conscious feature play !
While to the murmurs of the breezy glade
His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail, Innocence ! whose bosom all serene
Feels not as yet th' internal tempest roll :
O ! ne'er may Care distract that placid mien !
Ne'er may the shades of Doubt o'erwhelm thy soul !

Vain wish ! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd,
Yonder she comes ! the heart-enflaming fiend !
(Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield ?)
Swift to her destin'd prey see Passion bend !

O smile accurst, to hide the worst designs !
Now with blithe eye she wooes him to be blest ;
While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast !

And instant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball swims
Ghastly, and reddening darts a frantic glare ;
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair.

Is this, O Life, is this thy boasted prime !
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield !
Why should the sun-beam paint thy glittering clime
When the keen mildew desolates the field !

How memory pains ! let some gay theme beguile
The musing mind, and sooth to soft delight :
Ye images of Woe, no more recoil :
Be Life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now, when fierce Winter arm'd with wasteful power
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar ;
How sweet to sit in the sequester'd bower,
To hear, and but to hear the mingling war !

Ambition here displays no gilded toy,
That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise ;
Nor Pleasure's paths to wilds of Woe decoy,
Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's proud disguise.

Oft has Contentment chear'd this lone abode
With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;
Here Health in rosy bloom has often glow'd,
While loose-rob'd *Quiet* stood 'enamour'd by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose ;
The storm these humble walls assails in vain ;
The shrub is shelter'd, when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's mighty ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds ! thine, Winter, be the skies,
And toss th' infuriate surge, and vales lay waste ;
Nature thy temporary rage defies ;
To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Thron'd in her emerald car, see Spring appear !
(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald car the youthful Zephyrs bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen,
And lo, her rod the rose-lipp'd Power extends !
And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,
And Beauty's bright-ey'd train from Heaven descends !

Haste, happy days, and make all Nature glad—
But will all Nature joy at your return ?
O can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn ?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart,
Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail ?
To ease tir'd Disappointment's bleeding heart,
Will all your stores of softening balm avail ?

When stern Oppression, in his harpy fangs,
From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,
Whose infant craves relief with fruitless tears ?

For ah ! thy reign, Oppression, is not past,
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends ?
Who lays the once rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends ?

But hope not, Muse, vain-glorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hope not to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
When ERROLL's bright example shines in vain.

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight ;
Thy haunts, alas ! no gleams of joy supply,
Of transient gleams that flash in sinking night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego,
 Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictur'd scroll ;
 Bid thy great scenes in all their splendor glow,
 And rouse to thought sublime th' exulting soul.

What mingling pomps rush on th' enraptur'd gaze !
 Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep !
 Here glittering towns their spiry turrets raise,
 There bulwarks overhang the shaggy steep.

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields
 Th' embattled legions stretch their long array ;
 Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
 With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign :
 Keen are their looks whom Liberty inspires :
 Quick as the Goddess darts along the line,
 Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful ! in her lofty mien
 The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown control ;
 Her fearless eye, determin'd, though serene,
 Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,
 Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain !
 With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
 He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven;
Hatred to madness wrought each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the
heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—
Ah! Liberty, will none thy cause befriend!
Are those thy sons, thy generous sons, that fly!

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart;
Not Virtue's self can still the bursts of sighs,
When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by Terror and Despair dismay'd
The scattering legions pour along the plain!
Ambition's car, in bloody spoils array'd,
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook,
With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,
Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

Ah, Brutus! ever thine be virtue's tear!
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
As scarce supported on her broken spear
O'er her expiring son the Goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her dishevell'd locks she rends the plume ;
No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,
Fame's loudest trumpet labors with thy name ;
For thee, the Muse awakes her sweetest lay ;
And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,
The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,
While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's
smile.

Full oft where Solitude and Silence dwell,
Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell,
Such is Man's doom ; and Pity weeps in vain.

Still Grief recoils—How vainly have I strove
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand !
Tir'd, I submit ; but yet, O yet remove,
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand !

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul
Find in society relief from woe ;
O yield a while to Friendship's soft control !
Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow !

Come then, Philander, whose exalted mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the great;
For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate.

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
Nor Faction cools, nor Injury destroys;
Who lend'st to Misery's moan a pitying ear,
And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys :

Who know'st man's frailty, with a favouring eye,
And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall!
Who, unenslav'd by Fashion's narrow tye,
With manly freedom follow'st Nature's call.

And bring thy Delia, sweetly-smiling fair,
Whose spotless soul no rankling thoughts deform;
Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,
And harmonize the thunder of the storm.

Though blest with wisdom, and with wit refin'd,
She courts no homage, nor desires to shine;
In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
To female softness and a form divine.

Come, and disperse th' involving shadows drear;
Let chasten'd Mirth the social hours employ:
O catch the swift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,
On swiftest wing the moment flies of joy.

Ev'n while the careless disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into Pleasure's dream,
Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the Dead ?

Still sounds the solemn knell in Fancy's ear,
That call'd Eliza to the silent tomb :
With her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year !
How shone the nymph in Beauty's brightest bloom ?

Ah ! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace :
Moulder alike unknown the Prince and Slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
To dumb Oblivion's ever-desart shade.

Fancy from Joy still wanders far astray ;
Ah ! Melancholy, how I feel thy power !
Long have I labor'd to elude thy sway—
But 'tis enough ; for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste
Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam
'Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last
For the long night, and distant far his home.

ELEGY XIV.

MARY,
QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Quod tibi vitæ sors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet posthuma laudi ;
Nostris longum tu dolor et honor.

Buch.

THE balmy Zephyrs o'er the woodland stray,
And gently stir the bosom of the lake :
The fawns, that panting in the covert lay,
Now thro' the bloomy park their revels take.

They rise the rugged hills that skirt the North,
The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays ;
The silent and beauteous flows the silver Forth,
And Aman murmuring thro' the willows strays.

But ah ! what means this silence in the grove,
Where oft the wild-notes sooth'd the love-sick boy ?
Why cease in Mary's bower the songs of Love,
The songs of Love, of Innocence, and Joy ?

When bright the lake reflects the setting ray,
The sportive virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the moon, full oft in chearful May,
The merry bride-maids at the dance are seen.

But who these Nymphs that thro' the copse appear
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue ?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in solemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the Lady of th' aerial train,
Tall as the sylvan Goddess of the bow,
And fair as she who wept Adonis slain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains, wept,
And with fair Iphis by the hallowed strand
Of Siloe's brook a mournful sabbath kept.

By the resplendent cross with thistles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's Guardian Genius lost in woe :
" Ah say, what deepest wrongs have thus combin'd
To heave with restless sighs thy breast of snow !

" Oh stay, ye Dryads, nor unfinish'd fly
Your solemn rites ; here comes no foot profane :
The Muses' son, and hallowed is his eye,
Implores your stay, implores to join the strain.

“ See, from her cheek the glowing life-blush flies ;
Alas, what faltering sounds of woe be these !
Ye Nymphs, who fondly watch her languid eyes,
Oh say, what music will her soul appease !”

“ Resound the solemn dirge, the Nymphs reply,
And let the turtles moan in Mary’s bower,
Let Grief indulge her grand sublimity,
And Melancholy wake her melting power :

“ For Art has triumph’d ; Art, that never stood
On Honor’s side, or generous transport knew,
Has dy’d its haggard hands in Mary’s blood,
And o’er her fame has breath’d its blighting dew.

“ But come, ye Nymphs, ye woodland Spirits, come,
And with funeral flowers your tresses braid,
While in this hallow’d grove we raise the tomb,
And consecrate the song to Mary’s shade.

“ O sing what smiles her youthful morning wore,
Her’s every charm, and every loveliest grace ;
When Nature’s happiest touch could add no more,
Heaven lent an angel’s beauty to her face.

“ O ! whether by the moss-grown bushy dell,
Where from the oak depends the misletoe,
Where creeping ivy shades the Druid’s cell,
Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow ;

“ Or whether sportive o’er the cowslip beds,
You thro’ the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
Or brush the primrose banks while Cynthia sheds
Her silvery light o’er Esk’s translucent tide ;

“ Hither, ye gentle Guardians of the Fair,
By Virtue’s tears, by weeping Beauty, come ;
Unbind the festive robes, unbind the hair,
And wave the cypress bough at Mary’s tomb.

“ And come, ye fleet Magicians of the air,
The mournful Lady of the chorus cry’d,
Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
And thro’ this grove bid Mary’s fortunes glide

“ And let the solemn song with harping join’d,
And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe.”
She spake, and waking thro’ the breathing wind
From lyres unseen the solemn harpings flow.

The song began, “ How bright her early morn !
What lasting joys her smiling fate portends !
To wield the awful British sceptres born,
And Gaul’s young heir her bridal-bed ascends.

“ See, round her bed, light-floating on the air,
The little Loves their purple wings display ;
When sudden, shrieking at the dismal glare
Of funeral torches, far they speed away.

" Far with the Loves each blissful omen speeds,
 Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan;
 The bridal bed the sable hearse succeeds,
 And struggling Factions shake her native throne.

" No more a Goddess in the swimming dance
 May'st thou, O Queen, thy lovely form display;
 No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
 Nor in Versailles' proud bowers outshine the day.

" For the cold North the trembling sails are spread;
 Ah, what drear horrors gliding through thy breast,
 While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
 Thy future woes in boding sighs confest!

" A nation stern and stubborn to command,
 And now convuls'd with Faction's fiercest rage,
 Commits its sceptre to thy gentle hand,
 And asks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they sung, the omens rose,
 Her native shore receives the mournful Queen;
 November wind o'er the bare landscape blows,
 In hazy gloom the sea-wave skirts the scene:

The House of Holy Rood in sullen state,
 Bleak in the shade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
 Cold on the mountain's side, type of her fate,
 Its shatter'd walls a Romish chapel rears:

No nodding grove here waves the sheltering bough;
O'er the dank vale, prophetic of her reign,
Beneath the curving mountain's craggy brow
The dreary echoes to the gales complain :

Amid the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke
The high pil'd city rears her Gothic towers;
The stern-brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
Looks scornful down, and fixt defiance lowers.

Domestic bliss, that dear, that sovereign joy,
Far from her hearth was seen to speed away;
Strait dark-brow'd Factions entering in destroy
The seeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moonshine to the nuptial bower
Her Francis comes, by Love's soft fetters led;
Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,
Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

"Ah! draw the veil," shrill trembles thro' the air
The veil was drawn, but darker scenes arose,
Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare,
The baleful teeming source of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her Evil Angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended Prudence fled;
Of deepest crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are seen in arms, and glittering spears
Instead of crooks the Grampian shepherds wield ;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's visage wears,
And red with slaughter lies the harvest field.

From Borthwick field, deserted and forlorn,
The beauteous Queen all tears is seen to fly ;
Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne,
Her woes the triumph of the vulgar eye.

Again the vision shifts the woeful scene ;
Again forlorn from rebel arms she flies,
And unsuspecting on a Sister Queen,
The lovely injur'd Fugitive relies.

When Wisdom baffled owns th' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to set the virtuous free :
Some friend appears, and breaks Affliction's chain,
But ah, no generous friend appears for thee !

A prison's ghastly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy scenery as it past ;
The haunt where listless Melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling shrinks aghast.

No female eye her sickly bed to tend !
" Ah cease to tell it in the female ear !
A woman's stern command ! a proffer'd friend !
Oh generous passion, peace, forbear, forbear !

“ And could, oh Tudor, could thy breast retain
No softening thought of what thy woes had been,
When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
Didst sue the mercy of a tyrant Queen ?

“ And could no pang from tender memory wake,
And feel those woes that once had been thine own;
No pleading tear to drop for Mary's sake,
For Mary's sake, the heir of England's throne ?

“ Alas ! no pleading touch thy memory knew,
Dry'd were the tears which for thyself had flow'd ;
Dark politics alone engag'd thy view ;
With female jealousy thy bosom glow'd.

“ And say, did Wisdom own thy stern command ?
Did Honor wave his banner o'er the deed ?
Ah !—Mary's fate thy name shall ever brand,
And ever o'er her woes shall pity bleed.

“ The babe that prattled on his nurse's knee,
When first thy woeful captive hours began,
Ere heaven, ah hapless Mary, set thee free,
That babe to battle march'd in arms a man.”

An awful pause ensues—With speaking eyes,
And hands half rais'd, the guardian Wood Nymphs
wait,
While slow and sad the airy scenes arise,
Stain'd with the last deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
 The thirsty saw-dust strews the marble floor,
 Blue gleams the ax, the block its shoulders rears,
 And pikes and halberts guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpses shed,
 And Mary's maids, a mournful train, pass by;
 Languid they walk, and listless hang the head,
 And silent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the Queen,
 She smiles on heaven, and bows the injur'd head;
 The ax is lifted—from the deathful scene
 The Guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled:

It fled: the Wood Nymphs o'er the distant lawn,
 As rapt in vision, dart their earnest eyes;
 So when the huntsman hears the rustling fawn,
 He stands impatient of the starting prize.

The sovereign Dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
 As Cuma's maid when by the God inspir'd;
 "The depths of ages to my sight unfold,"
 She cries, "and Mary's meed my breast has fir'd.

"On Tudor's throne her Sons shall ever reign,
 Age after age shall see their flag unfurl'd,
 With sovereign pride, where-ever roars the main,
 Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

“ Nor Britain’s sceptre shall they wield alone,
 Age after age through lengthening time shall see
 Her branching race on Europe’s every throne,
 And either India bend to them the knee.

“ But Tudor as a fruitless gourd shall die ;
 I see her death-scene—On the lowly floor
 Dreary she sits, cold Grief has glass’d her eye,
 And Anguish gnaws her till she breathes no more.’

But hark—loud howling thro’ the midnight gloom,
 Faction is rous’d, and sends the baleful yell !
 Oh save, ye generous few, your Mary’s tomb,
 Oh save her ashes from the blasting spell ;

“ And lo, where Time with brighten’d face serene,
 Points to yon far, but glorious opening sky ;
 See Truth walk forth, majestic awful Queen,
 And Party’s blackening mists before her fly.

“ Falshood unmask’d withdraws her ugly train,
 And Mary’s virtues all illustrious shine—
 Yes, thou hast friends, the godlike and humane
 Of latest ages, injur’d Queen, are thine.”

The milky splendors of the dawning ray
 Now thro’ the grove a trembling radiance shed,
 With sprightly note the sky-lark hail’d the day,
 And with the moon-shine all the vision fled.

ELEGY XV.

ON THE DEATH OF
MARIA GUNNING,

Countess of Coventry.

WRITTEN IN MDCC LX.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and hark, the bell
Of Death beats slow ! heard ye the note profound ?
It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes, COVENTRY is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion ! Ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair :

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom :
(This Envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)
Fair as the Forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the Poet's head.

When'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes ?

Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast :
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again ! It tells us what she is :
On what she was no more the strain prolong :
Luxuriant Fancy pause : an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious Song.

MARIA claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head
In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the Dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud !
Proclaim the theme, by Sage, by Fool rever'd ;
Hear it, ye Young, ye Vain, ye Great, ye Proud !
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap
Ev'n in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental Monitor shall wake and weep.

For say, than COVENTRY's propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose ;
Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose !

Early to lose ; while, born on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom :
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.

Think of her Fate ! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow ;
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow :

To give Reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal ;
To teach her from Folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Yes, are ye sure his Mercy shall extend
To you so long a span ? Alas, ye sigh :
Take then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die !

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow ;
Norists round Religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should
glow.

No ; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day ;
Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon aethereal founts of bliss to lave ;
Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,
The Sting from Death, the Vict'ry from the Grav

Is this the bigot's rant ? Away, ye Vain,
Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulness steep
Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep.

Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of War,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed :

Nor wish for more : who conquer, but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear ; and triumph in the tale :
Like you, they reason : not, like you, enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail :

On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gayly steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore ;
They dare the storm, and, through th' inclement yea
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent
roar.

Is it for Glory ? that just Fate denies.

Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
 E'er from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
 That lift the Hero from the fighting crowd.

Is it his grasp of Empire to extend ?

To curb the fury of insulting foes ?
 Ambition, cease : the idle contest end :
 'Tis but a Kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
 (If life be all) why desolation lour,
 With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
 That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour ?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter Life away,
 Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high ;
 Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
 And live your moment, since the next ye die.

Yet know, vain Sceptics, know, th' Almighty mind,
 Who breath'd on Man a portion of his fire,
 Bad his free Soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
 To Heav'n, to Immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of Hope, his Mercy rear'd,
 By vain Philosophy be e'er destroy'd :
 Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
 Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

ELEGY XVI.

WRITTEN AT
AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE,

MD CCLXVIII.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

—THOUGH kindly silent thus my friend remains,
I read enquiry in his anxious eye ;
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains,
Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh.—

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy THERON early from the world retir'd,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desir'd ;

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amuse the day ;
There his lov'd Parents' slow-declining age
Life's calm unvary'd evening wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble Virgin for his own ;
A mind with Nature's fairest gifts endow'd :
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown ;

Her hand she gave, and with it gave her heart,
Her fond, fond faithful sympathizing breast ;
Free without folly, prudent without art ;
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue blest.

Swift pass the hours ; alas, to pass no more !
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day !
One beauteous pledge the beauteous consort bore,
The fatal gift forbade the giver's stay.

Ere twice the sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie,
O'er Wife, and Child, and Parents clos'd the ground ;
The final home of man ordain'd to die.

O cease at length, obtrusive Mem'ry ! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain
That saw disease on HER dear life increase,
And Med'cine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene ! (in misery how sublime !)
Of love's vain prayers to stay her fleeting breath !
Suspense that restless watch'd the flight of Time,
And helpless dumb Despair, awaiting Death.

O the dread scene !—'Tis agony to tell,
 How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head;
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
 The last, last parting, ere her spirits fled.

Restore her, Heaven, as from the grave retrieve—
 In each calm moment all things else resign'd,
Her looks, her language, show how hard to leave
 The lov'd companion she must leave behind.

Restore her, Heaven ! for once in mercy spare—
 Thus Love's vain prayer in anguish interpos'd;
And from Suspence gave place to dumb despair,
 And o'er the past, Death's sable curtain clos'd.

In silence clos'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round,
 No hope, no wish, beneath the sun remain'd;
Earth, air, and skies, one dismal prospect frown'd;
 One pale, dead, dreary blank with horror stain'd.

O lovely flower, too fair for this rude clime !
 O lovely morn, too prodigal of light !
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime !
 O transient glories, sunk in sudden night !

Sweet Excellence ! by all who knew thee mourn'd :
 Where is that blooming form my soul admir'd ;
With native artless modesty adorn'd :
 With pity, meekness, charity, inspir'd ?

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more,
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear :
Yet the lov'd features Mem'ry's eyes explore ;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on Mem'ry's ear.

Ah sad, sad change! the source of daily pain
That sense of loss ineffable renews :
While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

While o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mould'ring veil her spirit left below ;
Fond Fancy dwells, and pours funeral strains,
The soul-dissolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this mournful doom,
Nor she alone the tear of Song obtains ;
The Muse of *BLAGDON*, o'er *CONSTANTIA*'s tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine so lately gain'd,
His heart like mine, in its true partner blest ;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
The same sad hours beheld us both distress'd.

O Human Life! how mutable, how vain!
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy
A sunny island in a stormy main,
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky.

Yet love divine! since man, infatuate man,
 Rests in thy works, too negligent of thee,
Lays for himself on earth his little plan ;
 Dreads not, or distant views mortality.

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
 To urge us ling'ring from earth's fav'rite plain,
To Virtue's path our vague steps to control,
 Affliction frowning comes, thy minister of pain !

ELEGY XVII.

AMINTA.

BY THE REV. MR. GERRARD.

AN o'ergrown wood my wandering steps invade,
With surface mantled in untrodden snow;
Dire haunt, for none but savage monsters made,
Where frosts descend, and howling tempests blow.

Here, from the search of busy mortals stray'd,
My woe-worn soul shall hug her galling chain:
For sure, no forest boasts too deep a shade,
No haunt too wild for misery to remain.

O my Aminta ! dear distracting name !
Late all my comfort, all my fond delight ;
Still writhes my soul beneath its torturing flame,
Still thy pale image fills my aching sight !

When shall vain memory slumber o'er her woes ?
When to oblivion be her tale resign'd ?
When shall this fatal form in death repose,
Like thine, fair victim, to the dust consign'd ?

Again the accents falter on my tongue ;
Again to tear the conscious tear succeeds ;
From sharp reflection is the dagger sprung,
And Nature, wounded to the centre, bleeds.

Ye bitter skies ! upon the tale descend—
Ye blasts, though rude your visits, lend an ear—
Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend,
And, as ye listen, drop an icy tear.

'Twas when the step with conscious pleasure roves,
Where round the shades the circling woodbines
throng ;
When Flora wantons o'er th' enamel'd groves,
And feather'd choirs indulge the amorous song ;

Inspir'd by duteous love, I fondly stray'd,
Two milk-white doves officious to ensnare ;
Beneath a silent thicket as they play'd,
A grateful present for my softer fair.

But, ah ! in smiles no more they met my sight,
Their ruffled heads lay gasping on the ground :
Where (my dire emblem) a rapacious Kite [around.
Tore their soft limbs, and strew'd their plumes

The tear of pity stole into my eye ;
While ruder passions in their turn succeed :
Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,
And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With hasty step, enrag'd, I homewards ran,
 (Curse on my speed !) th' unerring tube I brought :
 That fatal hour my date of woe began,
 Too sharp to tell—too horrible for thought—

Disast'rous deed!—irrevocable ill !—
 How shall I tell the anguish of my Fate !
 Teach me, remorseless monsters, not to feel,
 Instruct me, fiends and furies, to relate !

Wrathful behind the guilty shade I stole,
 I rais'd the tube—the clamorous woods resound—
 Too late I saw the idol of my soul,
 Struck by my aim, fall shrieking to the ground !

No other bliss her soul allow'd but me ;
 (Hapless the pair that thus indulgent prove)
 She sought concealment from a shady tree,
 In amorous silence to observe her love.

I ran—but O ! too soon I found it true !— [apace—
 From her stain'd breast life's crimson stream'd
 From her wan eyes the sparkling lustres flew—
 The short-liv'd roses faded from her face !

Gods !—could I bear that fond reproachful look,
 That strove her peerless innocence to plead !—
 But partial death awhile her tongue forsook,
 To save a wretch that doom'd himself to bleed.

While I distracted press'd her in my arms,
And fondly strove t' imbibe her latest breath ;
" O spare, rash love, she cry'd, thy fatal charms,
Nor seek cold shelter in the arms of death.

" Content beneath thy erring hand I die.
Our fates grew envious of a bliss so true ;
Then urge not thy distress when low I lie,
But in this breath receive my last adieu !"—

No more she spake, but droop'd her lily head !
In death she sicken'd—breathless—haggard—pale—
While all my inmost soul with horror bled,
And ask'd kind vengeance from the passing gale.

Where slept your bolts, ye lingering lightnings, say ?
Why riv'd ye not this self-condemned breast ?
Or why, too passive Earth, didst thou delay,
To stretch thy jaws, and crush me into rest ?—

Low in the dust the beauteous corse I plac'd,
Bedew'd and soft with many a falling tear ;
With sable yew the rising turf I grac'd,
And bade the cypress mourn in silence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-searching eye returns,
Full to my view the fatal spot is brought ;
Through sleepless night my haunted spirit mourns,
No gloom can hide me from distracting thought.

When, spotless victim, shall my form decay ?
This guilty load, say, when shall I resign ?
When shall my spirit wing her cheerless way,
And my cold corse lie treasur'd up with thine ?

ELEGY XVIII.

ON THE *DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.*

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

Yes, it is past ; the fatal stroke is given.
Our pious sorrows own the hand of heaven.
How short our joys ! incumber'd life how vain !
Still vex'd with evil's never-ceasing train ;
While roll the hours which lead each fleeting year,
Each asks a sigh, and each demands a tear.
O'er pleasing scenes the mind with rapture roves,
Grasps in idea all its hopes or loves :
Snatch'd from its view the pleasing scenes decay,
And the fair vision melts in shades away.

Of youth, of beauty, and of wit the boast,
O lov'd for ever, and too early lost,
Sweet maid, for thee now mingling with the dead,
Her sacred griefs the tuneful Muse shall shed ;
The soft remembrance of thy charms to save
She plants with all her bays thy hallow'd grave.

Ye too, companions of her happier days,
Heirs of her charms, and rivals of her praise,
Amid the circles of the young and gay
Your years unheeded urge their stealing way,
While, mixt with pleasure's ever-smiling train,
Ye know no sorrows, and ye feel no pain;
Yet, when no more the pulse tumultuous beats,
Nor the pleas'd sense each flattering tale repeats,
Let calm reflection the sad moral teach,
That bliss below evades our eager reach;
That virtue only grants the real charm,
Gives wit to win, and beauty power to warm;
And though, like hers whose recent fate we mourn,
And ask your pity for a sister's urn,
Your beauties shine in all their bloom confest,
'Mid gazing slaves contending to be blest,
Yet think like hers may soon these beauties fade:
Like hers your glories in the dust be laid.
Time's hardy steps in silence swift advance,
Dim the bright ray that darts the fiery glance,
And age, dread herald of Death's awful reign,
Blasts every grace, and freezes every vein.

When with a mother's joy, a mother's fear,
The thoughtful parent dropt a silent tear,
Gaz'd on her child, and saw new beauties rise,
Glow in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes,
In expectation plann'd each hope of life,
The sister, daughter, mother, friend, and wife;

Ah! fleeting joys! how soon those hopes were o'er!
We doom'd to mourn, and she to charm no more.
The waning moon shall fill her wasted horn,
And Nature's radiance gild the orient morn,
The smiling spring with charms renew'd appear,
The sleeping blossoms haste to deck the year,
But bloom no more this fair departed flower,
Nor wak'd by genial sun, nor vernal shower.

How vain alas! was all thy father's art,
Vain were the sighs which swell'd thy mother's heart.
Again I see thee just expiring lie,
Pale thy cold lip, half clos'd thy languid eye,
Thy guardian innocence beside thee stands,
And patient Faith uplifts her holy hands,
Teach thee with smiles to meet the stroke of Death,
Calm all thy pangs, and ease thy struggling breath.

Resign'd, dear maid, to earth's maternal breast,
May sister Seraphs chaunt thy soul to rest!
There shall the constant Amaranthus bloom,
And wings of Zephyrs shed the morn's perfume.
O'er thy sad hearse, fair emblems of the dead,
By virgin hands are dying lilies shed.
The weeping Graces shall thy tomb surround;
The Loves with broken darts shall strew the ground;
In vain for thee they wak'd the fond desires,
Wove myrtle wreaths, and fann'd their purer fires.

The youthful God, who joins the nuptial bands,
In vain expecting, near his altar stands;
Fate spread the cloud : his torch extinct, he flies,
And veils with saffron robe his streaming eyes.

Yet O, while crown'd with never-fading flowers,
Thy spirit wanders through Elysian bowers,
If plaintive sounds of mortal grief below
Reach the blest seats, and waft our tender woe,
Hear, happy shade ; while thus her mortal lays
This monument of soft affection raise.
By gentle ties of kindred birth ally'd,
The Muse, that sports on Camus' willow'd side,
In Memory's lofty dome inscribes thy name,
And with thy beauties strives to mix her fame.

ELEGY XIX.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLVIII.

BY

JAMES BEATTIE, L.L.D.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
Till at some stroke of Fate the vision flies,
And sad realities in prospect rise;
And, from Elysian slumbers rudely torn,
The startled soul awakes, to think, and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery plains in endless pomp survey
Glittering in beams of visionary day;
O, yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;

Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, Beauteous, Good ! O every grace combin'd,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind !
Fresh, as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn !
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves !
Mild, as the melodies at close of day,
That heard remote along the vale decay !
Yet, why with these compared ? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine ?
Why roam abroad, since recollection true
Restores the lovely form to Fancy's view ?
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the graces smile ;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight ;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthroned serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien :
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,

Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, O Virtue, Age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue :
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
Love, Wonder, Joy, alternately alarm,
And Beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah whither fled ! ye dear illusions stay !
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth display'd !
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd ;
With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
Fair was the blossom, soft the vernal sky ;
Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh ;
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

Cold the soft hand, that soothed Woe's weary
head !
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed !

And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
Infusing balm, into the rankled soul !

Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower !

Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven !

Virtue then no more the care of Heaven !

But peace, bold thought ! be still, my bursting
heart !

We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.

Escaped the dungeon does the slave complain,
Nor bless the friendly hand that broke the chain ?

Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,

On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn ?

Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,]

O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw ;

Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye

O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,

Black billowy deeps in storm perpetual toss'd,

And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.

O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,

Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,

And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,

Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought ! here let me wipe away

The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.

But ah ! the swimming eye o'erflows anew,

For check the sacred drops to pity due ;

Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her loved dust, the Parent, Brother, Friend !
How vain the hope of man ! But cease thy strain,
Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane ;
Mix'd with yon drooping Mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

MONODIES.



MONODY I.

MUSÆUS :

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. POPE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

SORROWING I catch the reed, and call the Muse ;
If yet a Muse on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt MUSÆUS tun'd his parting strain :
With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.
For who e'er since their virgin train espy'd,
Or on the banks of Thames, or that mild plain,
Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray ?
Or have they deign'd to play,
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,
Feeding each white pink, and each daisy pied,
That mingling paint his rushy-fringed side ?

Yet ah ! celestial maids, ye are not dead ;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die :
And well I ween, ye cannot quite be fled,
Ere ye entune his mournful elegy.

Stay then awhile, O stay, ye fleeting fair ;
Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
Nor Thespia's shade ; 'till your harmonious teen.
Be grateful pour'd on some slow-ditted air.
Such tribute paid, again ye may repair
To what lov'd haunt you whilom did elect ;
Whether Lycaeus, or that mountain fair
Trim Maenelaus, with piny verdure deck'd.
But now it boots you not in these to stray,
Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to chuse,
Or where mild Ladon's swelling waters play.
Forego each vain excuse,
And haste to Thames's shores ; for Thames shall join,
Our sad society, and passing mourn,
Letting cold tears bedew his silver urn.
And, when the poet's wither'd grot he laves,
His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,
His tide no more in eddies blithe shall rove,
But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs slow.
For oft the poet rous'd his charmed waves
With martial notes, or lull'd with strains of love.
He must not now in brisk meanders flow
Gamesome, and kiss the sadly-silent shore,
Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Can I forget how erst his osiers made
Sad sullen music, as bleak Eurys fann'd ?
Can I forget, how gloom'd yon laureat shade,
Ere death remorseless wav'd his ebon wand ?

How, 'midst yon grot, each silver-trickling spring
Wander'd the shelly channels all among;
While as the coral roof did softly ring
Responsive to their sweetly doleful song?
Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,
And sunk his awful head,
While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong:
For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,
They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,
Came TITYRUS slow, with head all silver'd o'er,
And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.
"Grete clerk of Fame' is house, whose excellence
Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,
For mich gode wirkè to me don and past.
For syn the daies whereas my lyre ben strongen,
And deftly many a mery laie I songen,
Old Time, which alle things don maliciously,
Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,
Gnattrib my lines, that they all cancrið ben,
'Till at the last thou smoothen 'hem hast again;
Sithence full semely gliden my rhymes rude,
As (if fitteth thilk similitude)
Whannè shallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,
Ovir rough stones it maken full rough song:
But, them stones removen, this lite rivere
Stealen forth by, making pleasant murmere :

So my sely rhimes, whoso may them note,
Thou maken everichone to ren right sote ;
And in my verse entuneth so fetisely,
That men sayen I make trewe melody,
And spoken every dele to mine honoure.
Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre !”

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.
When COLIN CLOUT, Eliza's shepherd swain,
The blithest lad that ever pip'd on plain,
Came with his reed soft-warbling on the way.
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers 'gan essay :

I.

“ Ah ! luckless swain, alas ! how art thou lorn,
Who once like me couldst frame thy pipe to play
Shepherds devise, and chear the ling'ring morn :
Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.
Ah plight too sore such worth to equal right !
Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight !

II.

“ But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
My Hobbin's, or my Thenot's rustic skill
To thy deft Swains, whose dapper ditties rare
Surpass ought else of quaintish shepherd's quill.
Ev'n Roman Tytyrus, that peerless wight,
Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

III.

“ Eke when in Fable’s flow’ry path you stray’d,
Masking in cunning feints Truth’s splendid face ;
Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendance paid,
To shield Belinda’s lock from felon base,
But all mote nought avail such harm to chase,
Than Una fair ’gan droop her princely mein,
Eke Florimel, and all my Faery race:
Belinda far surpast by beauties sheen,
Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay I ween.

IV.

“ Like as in villag’d troop of birdlings trim,
Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,
And quaking Ducks, that wont in lake to swim,
And Turkeys proud, and Pigeons nothing bold ;
If chance the Peacock doth his plumes unfold,
Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
He glist’neth purple, and he glist’neth gold,
Now with bright green, now blue himself arraying.
Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties swaying.

V.

“ But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,
And fancies light in simple guise pourtray ?
Listning to chear thee at this rueful time,
While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings prey.
Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay
Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,
Let my well-meaning mend my ill essay :

So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkled
plain."

Last came a bard of more exalted tread,
And THYRSIS hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,
Whene'er he mingled with the sylvan train;
But seldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
For him full oft the heav'nly Muses led
To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes;
All which the sacred bard would oft recount:
And thus in strain, unus'd in grove or shade,
To sad MUSÆUS rightful homage paid.

"Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught warbler, last and
best

Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime!
Accept this gratulation: may it cheer
Thy sinking soul; nor these corporeal ills
Ought daunt thee, or appall. Know, in high heav'n
Fame blooms eternal o'er that spirit divine,
Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,
Which while on earth could breathe Maconian fire,
Shall soar seraphic heights; while to her voice
Ten thousand Hierarchies of angels harp
Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
Usher the song rejoicing. I meanwhile,

To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,
Approach thy visitant, with mortal laud
To praise thee mortal. First, (as first beseems)
For rhyme subdu'd ; rhyme, erst the minstrel rude
Of Chaos, Anarch old : she near his throne
Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
With tenfold din ; 'till late to earth upborn
On strident wing, what time fair poesie
Emerg'd from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot
Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
Oppress'd ; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
Runic, or Leonine ; and with dire chains
Fetter'd her scarce-fledg'd pinion. I such bonds
Aim'd to destroy, mistaking : bonds like these
'Twere greater art t' ennoble, and refine.
For this superior part *MUSÆUS* came:
Thou cam'st, and at thy magic touch the chains
Off dropt, and (passing strange !) soft-wreathed bands
Of flow'rs their place supply'd ! which well the Muse
Might wear for choice, not force ; obstruction none,
But loveliest ornament. Wondrous this, yet here
The wonder rests not ; various argument
Remains for me, all doubting, where to cull
The primal grace, where countless graces charm.
Various this peaceful scene, this mineral roof ;
This 'semblance meet of coral, ore, and shell ;
These pointed crystals fair, 'mid each obscure
Bright glist'ring ; all these slowly dripping rills,
That tinkling stray amid the coppy cave.

Yet not this various peaceful scene ; with this
Its mineral roof ; nor this assemblage meet
Of coral, ore, and shell ; nor 'mid th' obscure
These pointed crystals, glist'ring fair ; nor rills,
That straying tinkle through the coolly cave ;
Deal charms more various to each raptur'd sense,
Than thy mellifluous lay.——"

"Cease, friendly swain ;"

(MUSÆUS cry'd, and rais'd his aching head)
"All praise is foreign, but of true desert ;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
Ah ! why recall the toys of thoughtless youth ?
When flow'ry fiction held the place of truth :
When fancy rul'd ; when trill'd each trivial strain,
But idly sweet, and elegantly vain.
Oh ! in that strain, if all of wit had flow'd,
All music warbled, and all beauty glow'd ;
Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin'd,
That lent each grace, and this each grace refin'd :
Alas ! how little were my proudest boast !
The sweetest trifle of my tribe at most.

"To sway the judgment, while he charms the ear ;
To curb mad passion in its wild career :
To blend with skill, as loftiest themes inspire,
All reason's rigour, and all fancy's fire ;
Be this the poet's praise ; with this uncrown'd,
Wit dies a jest, and poetry a sound.

“ Come then that honest fame ; whose sober ray
Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay,
Which dawns, tho’ thou, rough *DONNE*! hew out the
line,

But beams, sage *HORACE*, from each strain of thine.
O! if, like these, one poet more could brave
The venal statesman, or the titled slave ;
Brand frontless Vice, strip all her stars and strings,
Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings :
Yet stoop to Virtue, though the prostrate maid
Lay sadly pale in bleak misfortune’s shade :
If grave, yet lively ; rational, yet warm ;
Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm ;
He pour’d, for her lov’d cause, serene along
The purest precept, in the sweetest song :
For her lov’d cause, he trac’d his moral plan,
Yon various region of bewild’ring man :
Explor’d alike each scene, that frown’d or smil’d,
The flow’ry garden, or the weedy wild ;
Unmov’d by sophistry, unaw’d by name,
No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame :
Led by no system’s devious glare astray,
As earth-born meteors glitter to betray :
But all his soul to reason’s rule resign’d,
And heav’n’s own views fair op’ning on his mind,
Catch’d from bright nature’s flame the living ray,
Through passion’s cloud pour’d in resistless day ;
And this great truth in all its lustre shew’d,
That *GOD IS WISE*, and *ALL CREATION GOOD* ;

If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays :
Praise less than this, is impotence of praise."

" To pour that praise be mine," fair VIRTUE
cry'd,

And shot all radiant, through an op'ning cloud.
But ah ! my Muse, how will thy voice express
Th' immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd ?
Ill suits immortal strain a Doric dress :
And far too high already hast thou soar'd.
Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,
The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast,
But what might that avail ? Blind Fate before
Had op'd her shears, to slit his vital thread ;
And who may hope gainsay her stern behest ?
Then thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the
head,
And sigh'd his soul to rest.

Then wept the Nymphs ; witness, ye waving
shades !

Witness, ye winding streams ! the Nymphs did weep ;
The heav'nly goddess too with tears did steep
Her plaintive voice, that echo'd through the glades ;
And, " cruel gods," and " cruel stars," she cry'd :
Nor did the shepherds, through the woodlands wide,
On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,
Or stagnant river, drive their thirsty flocks ;
Nor did the wild-goat brouze the steepy rocks ;

And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook ;
And roses wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
As nature's self was sick ;
And every lily droop'd its velvet head ;
And groan'd each faded lawn, and leafless grove ;
Sad sympathy ! yet sure his rightful meed,
Who charm'd all nature ; well might Nature mourn
Through all her sweets ; and flow'r, and lawn, and
 shade,
All vocal grown, all weep MUSÆUS dead.

Here end we, Goddess : this your shepherd sang,
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
O ! make it worthy of the sacred bard,
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
Nor thou, MUSÆUS, from thine ear discard,
For well I ween thou hear'st my doleful song ;
Whether 'mid angel troops, the stars among,
From golden harps thou call'st seraphic lays ;
Or, anxious for thy dearest Virtue's fare,
Thou still art hov'ring o'er her tuneless sphere,
And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.

Thus the fond swain on Doric oat essay'd,
Manhood's prime honors downing on his cheek :
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid
With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak ;

Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak ;
And now down-dropt the larks, and ceas'd their
 strain :
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the shepherd
 swain.

MONODY II.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. MARGARET WOFFINGTON.

BY MR. JOHN HOOLE.

*Flebilis indignos Elegia solve capillos,
Ah ! nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.*

Ovid.

THERE fled the fair, that all beholders charm'd,
Whose beauty fir'd us, and whose spirit warm'd !
In that sad sigh th' unwilling breath retir'd ;
The grace, the glory of our scene expir'd !
And shall she die, the muse's rites unpaid,
No grateful lays to deck her parting shade ?
While on her bier the sister graces mourn,
And weeping tragedy bedews her urn ?
While comedy her chearful vein foregoes,
And learns to melt with unaccustom'd woes ?

Accept (O once admir'd !) these artless lays ;
Accept this mite of tributary praise.
O ! could I paint thee with a master's hand,
And give thee all thy merits could demand ;

These lines should glow with true poetic flame,
Bright as thy eyes, and faultless as thy frame !

We mourn'd thy absence, from our scene retir'd,
Each longing heart again thy charms desir'd.
Yet, still, alas ! we hop'd again to view
Our wish, our pleasure, ev'ry joy in you !
Again thy looks might grace the tragic rage ;
Again thy spirit fill the comic stage.
But lo ! disease hangs hov'ring o'er thy head ;
Dire danger stalks around thy frightened bed !
Those starry eyes have lost each beamy ray,
And ghastly sickness makes the fair her prey !
Death shuts the scene !—and all our hopes are o'er !
Those beauties now must glad the sight no more !

Say ye, whose features youthful lustre bloom,
Whose lips exhale Arabia's soft perfume,
Must ev'ry gift in silent dust be lost,
No more the wish of man, or female boast ?
Ah me ! with time must ev'ry grace be fled !
She, once the pride of all our stage, is dead !
Clos'd are those eyes that ev'ry bosom fir'd ;
Pale are those charms that ev'ry heart inspir'd !
Where now the mien with majesty endu'd,
Which oft surpriz'd a ravish'd audience view'd ?

What forms too oft the tragic scene disgrace ;
What tasteless airs the comic scene deface ?

Tho' tuneful Cibber still the muse sustains,
By nature fram'd to pour the moving strains,
Tho' from her eye each heart-felt passion breaks,
And more than music warbles when she speaks ;
When shall we view again, like thine, conjoin'd,
A form angelic and a piercing mind ;
Alike in ev'ry mimic scene to steer,
The gay, the grave, the lively, and severe.
Thy judgment saw, thy taste each beauty caught,
No senseless parrot of the poet's thought !
Thy bosom well cou'd heave with fancy'd woe,
And, from thy own, our tears were taught to flow.
Whene'er we view'd the Roman's sullied fame,
Thy beauty justify'd the hero's shame.
What heart but then must Antony approve,
And own the world was nobly lost for love ?
What ears cou'd hear in vain thy cause implor'd,
When soothing arts appeas'd thy angry lord ?
Each tender breast the rough Ventidius blam'd,
And Egypt gain'd the sigh Octavia claim'd.
Thy eloquence each hush'd attention drew,
While love usurp'd the tears to virtue due.

See ! Phaedra rise majestic o'er the scene,
What raging pangs distract the hapless queen !
How does thy sense the poet's thought refine,
Beam thro' each word, and brighten ev'ry line !
What nerve, what vigor glows in ev'ry part,
While classic lays appear with classic art !

Who now can bid the proud Roxana rise,
With love and anger sparkling in her eyes ?
Who now shall bid her breast in fury glow,
With all the semblance of imperial woe ?
While the big passion, raging in her veins,
Would hold the master of the world in chains :
But Alexander now forsakes her coast :—
And, ah ! Roxana is for ever lost !

Nor less thy pow'r when rigid virtue fir'd
The chaster bard, and purer thoughts inspir'd :
What kneeling form appears with stedfast eyes,
Her bosom heaving with devotion's sighs !
'Tis she ! in thee we own the mournful scene,
The fair resemblance of a martyr queen !
Here Guido's skill might mark thy speaking frame,
And catch from thee the painter's magic flame !

Blest in each art ! by nature form'd to please,
With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease !
Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,
All Shakspeare op'ning to thy vig'rous mind.
In ev'ry scene of comic humour known ;
In sprightly sallies wit was all thy own.
Whether you seem'd the cit's more humble wife ;
Or shone in Townley's higher sphere of life :
Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit ;
And gave new force to all the poet writ.

Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,
Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind :

Thy ears were ever open to distress ;
Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless.
Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt ;
Thy heart for other's sorrows prone to melt.
In vain did envy point her scorpion sting ;
In vain did malice shake her blasting wing :
Each gen'rous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,
And cast o'er ev'ry fault oblivion's veil :
Confess'd thro' ev'ry cloud, thy deeds to shine,
And own'd the virtues of compassion thine !
Saw mild benevolence her wand disclose,
And touch thy heart at ev'ry sufferer's woes :
Saw meek-ey'd charity thy steps attend,
And guide thy hand the wretched to befriend :
Go, ask the breast that teems with mournful sighs,
Who wip'd the sorrows from affliction's eyes :
Go, ask the wretch, in want and sickness laid,
Whose goodness brighten'd once misfortune's shade.

O ! snatch me hence to lone sequester'd scenes,
To arching grottos and embow'ring greens !
Where scarce a ray can pierce the dusky shade,
Where scarce a footstep marks the dewy glade ;
Where pale-hu'd grief her secret dwelling keeps ;
Where the chill blood with lazy horror creeps :
Where awful silence spreads her noiseless wing :
And sorrow's harp may tune the dismal string.—
Or rather lead my steps to distant plains,
Where closing earth enfolds her last remains :

What time the moon displays her silver beam,
And groves and floods reflect the milder gleam :
When contemplation broods with thought profound,
And fairy visions haunt the sylvan ground.

Lo ! fancy now, on airy pinions spread,
With scenes ideal hovers o'er my head.
I see ! I see ! more pleasing themes arise :
What mystic shadows flit before my eyes !
Imagination paints the sacred grove,
The place devote to poesy and love.
Here grateful poets hail the actor's name,
And pay the rightful tribute to their fame :
Around their tomb, in gen'rous sorrow, mourn,
And twine the laurels o'er the favor'd urn.

Methinks I view the last sepulchral frame,
That bears inscrib'd her much-lamented name.
See ! to my view the drama's sons display'd :
What laurell'd phantoms croud the awful shade !
First of the choir immortal Shakspeare stands,
Whose searching eye all nature's scene commands :
Bright in his look celestial spirit blooms,
And genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes !
Next tender Southern, skill'd the soul to move ;
And gentle Rowe, who tunes the breast to love.
The witty Congreve near with sprightly mien :
And easy Farquhar with his lighter scene.
A num'rous train of bards the shrine surround,
In tragic strains and comic lore renown'd.

See ! on the tomb yon pensive form appear,
Heave the full sigh, and drop the frequent tear :
The garments loose her throbbing bosom show ;
Dispers'd in air her careless tresses flow :
Round her pale brows a myrtle wreath is spread,
A gloomy cypress nods above her head,
See ! while her hand a solemn lyre sustains,
Her trembling fingers wake the languid strains :
Soft to the touch the vocal strings reply,
And tune the notes to answer ev'ry sigh,
She (child of grief !) at human mis'ry weeps ;
At ev'ry death her dismal vigil keeps.
But chief she mourns, when fate's relentless doom
Gives wit and beauty victims to the tomb.
Her lays their merits and their loss proclaim,
(A mournful task !) and elegy her name !
Now bending o'er the pile she vents her moan,
And pours these sorrows o'er the senseless stone.

Ah ! lost, for ever lost ! the breath that warm'd,
The wit that ravish'd, and the mien that charm'd !
Here sleeps, beneath, the fairest of the fair,
The graces' darling, and the muses' care !
Who once could fix a thousand gazers eyes,
Now cold and lifeless unregarded lies !
Who once the soul in bonds of love detain'd,
Now lies, alas ! in stronger bonds restrain'd.
Pale death has rifled all her pleasing store,
And Nature loaths a form so lov'd before !

Is there a fair whose features point the dart,
Charm the fix'd eye, and fascinate the heart ?
Behold what soon disarms the childish sting,
And plucks the wanton plume from Cupid's wing :
Then boast no longer wit's fallacious store ;
The sweets of sprightly converse boast no more :
Those lips so fram'd to each persuasive art,
No more shall touch the ear, and win the heart !
Let beauty here her transient blessing weigh ;
Let humble wit her pitying tribute pay ;
Let female grace vouchsafe the kindly tear ;
Wit, grace, and beauty, once were center'd here !
Ye sacred bards, who tun'd the drama's lays,
Here pay your incense of distinguish'd praise !
She gave your scenes with ev'ry grace to shine ;
She gave new feeling to the nervous line :
Her beauties well supply'd each tragic lore,
And shew'd those charms your muse but feign'd be-
fore !

Here round her shrine your votive wreaths bestow,
Around her shrine eternal greens shall grow.
The list'ning groves shall learn her name to sing,
And zephyrs waft it on their downy wing ;
Till ev'ry shade these doleful sounds return,
And ev'ry gale in sullen dirges mourn !

The mourner ends with sighs ; her hand she rears,
And with her vesture dries the gushing tears.
Behold each bard the soft contagion feels ;
From ev'ry eye the trickling sorrow steals.

See! Nature's son lament her hapless doom,
See! Shakspeare bending o'er his fav'rite's tomb.
Each shadowy form declines his awful head,
And scatters roses on the fun'ral bed.
In slow procession round the shrine they move,
And chant her praises thro' the tuneful grove.

Farewell the glory of a wondrous age,
The second Oldfield of a sinking stage!
Farewell the boast and envy of thy kind,
A female softness, and a manly mind!
Long as the muses can record thy praise,
Thy fame shall last to far succeeding days:
While wit survives, thy name shall ever bloom,
And wreaths unfading flourish round thy tomb!

While thus I tune the plaintive notes in vain,
For her, whose worth demands a nobler strain;
Lo! to my thought some warning genius cries:
Attempt not, swain, beyond thy flight to rise.
Shall thy weak skill attempt to raise our woes,
Or paint a loss that ev'ry bosom knows?
'Tis not thy lays can teach us tears to shed;
What eye refrains?—for Woffington is dead!

MONODY III.

TO THE MEMORY OF
GARRICK.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Spoken at the Theatre in Drury-Lane.

If dying excellence deserve a tear,
If fond remembrance still be cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabl'd suff'rers, and delusive woe ?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign—
One kind regret—one tributary line !

His fame requires we act a tenderer part :
His memory claims the tear you gave his art !

The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead favorite
pass'd,

The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakspeare's image from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place—
Nor these—nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond Fidelity's domestic woe—
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due—
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenious fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient Fame immortal wreathes supplies :
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise :
Each dazzling light, and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd :
E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art ;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace :
But once achiev'd—tho' barbarous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fame, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay ;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honors, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire—
O, proud distinction of the sacred lyre !—
Wide as th' inspiring Phoebus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse ;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but favouring Beauty's smile ;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love—
Whate'er the theme—thro' every age and clime
Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme :
The pride of Glory—Pity's sigh sincere—
Youth's earliest blush—and Beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honors thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The actor only, shrinks from time's award ;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard ;
By whose faint breath it must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof—to substance unallied !
Even matchless Garrick's heart to heav'n resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind !

The grace of action—the adapted mien
Faithful as nature to the varied scene :
Th' expressive glance—whose subtle comment draw
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause ;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,

A sense in silence, and a will in thought ;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own ;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray ;
And cloathed with orient hues, transcends the day !—
Passion's wild break—and frown that awes the sense,
And every charm of gentler eloquence—
All perishable !—like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame—and as they strike expire ;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then—while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes ;—
Where is the blest memorial than ensures
Our Garrick's fame ?—whose is the trust ?—'tis
yours.

And O ! by every charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares !—by every grief allay'd !
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew !
By his last parting tear, repaid by you !
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night,
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight !—
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name ;
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame ;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath,
For these—when Sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!—
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As, Fancy, oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb—
So thou, sweet Muse! hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear;
With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—he never shall return!—
Chilling thy tender bosom clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverend dust,
Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

Tho' tuneful Cibber still the muse sustains,
By nature fram'd to pour the moving strains,
Tho' from her eye each heart-felt passion breaks,
And more than music warbles when she speaks ;
When shall we view again, like thine, conjoin'd,
A form angelic and a piercing mind ;
Alike in ev'ry mimic scene to steer,
The gay, the grave, the lively, and severe.
Thy judgment saw, thy taste each beauty caught,
No senseless parrot of the poet's thought !
Thy bosom well cou'd heave with fancy'd woe,
And, from thy own, our tears were taught to flow.
Whene'er we view'd the Roman's sullied fame,
Thy beauty justify'd the hero's shame.
What heart but then must Antony approve,
And own the world was nobly lost for love ?
What ears cou'd hear in vain thy cause implor'd,
When soothing arts appeas'd thy angry lord ?
Each tender breast the rough Ventidius blam'd,
And Egypt gain'd the sigh Octavia claim'd.
Thy eloquence each hush'd attention drew,
While love usurp'd the tears to virtue due.

See ! Phaedra rise majestic o'er the scene,
What raging pangs distract the hapless queen !
How does thy sense the poet's thought refine,
Beam thro' each word, and brighten ev'ry line !
What nerve, what vigor glows in ev'ry part,
While classic lays appear with classic art !



And kills; or like an air-blown bubble, born
To dance and glitter for a short, short hour
While all is calm, but soon the sport and scorn
Of envious winds, it bursts, and is no more !

Ah me, how gay, how beautiful, how sweet
Is Life's fair prospect to th' enchanted eye
Of unexperienc'd youth !—Not Arno's Vale,
Where all the mingled charms of Nature meet,
Is more profuse of joy ;
There wing'd with fragrance ev'ry whisp'ring gale
Delights the soul ; flowers of a thousand dyes,
The Muskrose, Hyacinth, and Asphodel,
Purple the ground ; fresh breathing Myrtles rise ;
And in the frequent grove, the feather'd choir
Trill their soft notes of amorous desire.
With ling'ring feet the raptur'd stranger strays,
And, O sweet vale, dear region of delight,
He cries, where Eden's beauties charm the sight,
Here let me live, here end my blissful days !
Fond wretch, revoke the prayer !—
For swift as lightning through the desert air
A noontide, pestilential vapor flies,
And blasts the fairy scene :
Each herb, plant, flower, shrinks up its leaves, and
dies !

Ye sons of Fortune, ye who madly doat
On this vile world, and hug her to your arms ;

Who now luxuriate in her golden charms,
And ever vacant fondly hope she'll prove,
Amiable ever ;—learn, O timely learn
To wean your hearts from such destructive love,
And fly to Wisdom's school !
Not to that Wisdom, crabbed, harsh, and dull,
That Stoics preach'd along the murmuring stream
Of fam'd ILISSUS ; nor to that less stern,
Which Plato taught in studious ACADEME :
Such Wisdom is rank Folly in disguise !
Go, fly to that sepulchral gloom,
Where the pale corpse of gentle RUSSEL lies ;
There Wisdom, bending o'er her fav'rite's tomb,
Unwearied vigils keeps ;
And ever and anon the Goddess weeps,
While thus she mocks all human vanities :

“ Wealth, Grandeur, Power, and Fame,—ye idol-
train,

At whose throng'd altars prostrate millions bow,
Where is your boasting now ?
Where your pre-eminence so proud, and vain ?
Go, great Magicians, on the hollow base
Of empty Hope, bid dazzling fabrics rise
Of sublunary joys :
But ah ! how soon shall Death the structures rase,
Burst your vain spells, and disenchant the scene !
Thou breathless corse, that there in manhood green
Art sepulcher'd, to crawling worms a prey,
Oh what a change was wrought in one short day !

At morn with riches crown'd, in virtues great;
Dear to his friends, and to his country dear;
The blooming hope, and "rose of the fair state;"
Whose opening leaves with pride Britannia saw,
And thought, how vainly, rich perfumes to draw
From flower so sweet and fair!
At night—ah me, I fondly err,—
Or ere the sun with hot meridian ray
Had pierc'd the earth—he fainted, sicken'd, dy'd!—
No more his friends' delight, his country's pride,
But oh, a poor pale piece of lifeless clay!—

"Ye hapless few, whom nearer converse gave
His various worth to know, and hourly trace
Each nicer, softer, more domestick grace,
That, like the touches exquisitely fine
Of Titian's hand, are at a distance lost,
Weep, weep no more—no more, fond souls, repine
That all your wishes, all your hopes are crost.
Though there with livid cheeks, and ghastly eyes,
Your dear, departed friend, your RUSSEL lies,
'Tis but his semblance, but his shade;
A frail and perishable casket, made
To hold a jewel of stupendous price;
A jewel, that is now exalted high,
And flames and sparkles in Heaven's treasury!"

Thus Wisdom speaks—Yet, O thou matchless
youth,
That dost immortal, boundless joys inherit,

Still will we weep, and melt with Ruth,
Though not for thee, thou happy, happy spirit,
Yet for ourselves!—Oh, that remorseless Death
Had spar'd thee, *RUSSEL*, and with ranc'rous tooth
Devour'd the scum of Britain's bastard brood,
Who, lost to all that's noble, all that's good,
Enlist in Faction's cause ;
And when Ambition calls, or Av'rice draws,
Grow fat, and wanton in their country's blood !
Vile parricides!—Why leave the righteous Gods
Such wretches to consume the fruits of earth,
And snatch thee, *RUSSEL*, to their blest abodes ?
Thou flower of true nobility, whose worth
Promis'd so fair, and might in future age
Have prov'd a burning, shining light, to guide
Our young patricians from the fatal rage
Of lurking rocks, that in life's boist'rous tide
Have shipwreck'd many a great and noble name,
And spread the ruins of an honest fame !

Yes, we will weep—weep for our country's loss,
That, in these dregs of Britain, ill could spare
Thy virtues great, and rare ;
Thy public spirit, that condemn'd as dross
The golden baits, which Mammon throws to lure
Our wand'ring feet from Virtue's distant goal ;
Thy moderation, that the stream impure
Of party never could control ;
Thy mildness, greatness, gentleness of soul ;
Thy bounty, ne'er implor'd in vain,

That on the meagre sons of Want and Toil
In showers spontaneous flow'd,
And like the morning dew, or gracious rain,
Distilling gently from a vernal cloud,
Bad the bleak desert smile !——
Excellent youth, whose bosom was the soil
Where ev'ry grace, and ev'ry virtue throve ;
But chiefly those, the gentlest, sweetest, best,
That humanise and dignify the breast,
The filial, conjugal, paternal Love !
Yes, we will weep—and why, thou widow'd Muse,
That wander'st, all disconsolate and pale,
Through GRANTA's fav'rite vale,
Ah why the tributary tear refuse ?
Hence with ungrateful Silence, partial maid ;
And bid thy choicest streams of music flow,
In all the artless negligence of woe,
To grace the tomb where TAVISTOCK is laid !
Canst thou forget, how in thy learned shade
The dear ingenuous youth
Model'd his soul to honor, virtue, truth ?
Oh, if thy torpid spirits still require
Some nearer force to strike the latent fire,
Think, how in future time
He would have smooth'd Preferment's arduous way,
And taught thy best deserving sons to climb
Those heights, where wealth and honors bloom, which
now
Like fruits, that on rough precipices grow,
Are only to be pluck'd by birds of prey.

Think,——but ah ! whither do I fondly stray,
And why recount his matchless virtues o'er ?
O——you who wear, “in your heart's core,”
His image deep engrav'd, accept this lay,
That, rich in zeal, in wit and learning poor,
A rural Muse presents at RUSSEL's shrine :
Worthless I own the gift,—yet shepherds bring
The frail and short-liv'd beauties of the Spring,
To deck the altars of their powers divine.

MONODY V.

TO THE
MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY CUTHBERT SHAW.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest EMMA's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swol'n eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but (cruel thought!) she lives for me no
more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul ?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame ?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake ?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake ?
 Though mild as evening skies,
 With downcast streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
 vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train,
 (No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And O discard the pageantry of phrase :
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine !
 Thus, haply, as I paint
 The source of my complaint,
My soul may own the impassion'd line ;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of
 grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
 To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell ;
“ How good she was, how gentle, and how fair ! ”
 In pity cease—alas ! I know too well :

How, in her sweet expressive face,
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Sfranger to every female art,
Alike to feign, or to disguise:
And O the boast how rare !
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress !

Relentless Death ! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havock on mankind,
Why (cruel !) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?
Hark ! Groans come wing'd on every breeze !
The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow ;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now :

In vain—Perverse, still on the unweeeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed ;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh ! fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy power ;
When thou no more shall blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas ! the day—where-e'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears ;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears :
But, ah ! in vain—no change of time or
place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost ; and nought remains but anguish and de-
spair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where !
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep !
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep :
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force th' endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd ;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,

Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!

“ Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
But oh! if e'er thy EMMA's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune smil'd in
vain;

If it has been my sole endeavour, still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy EMMA's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My dearest SHAW, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,

(Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
 That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
 This fatal pledge of hapless EMMA's love,
 Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake,
 And oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
 Wilt thou?——
 I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
 And in that pleasing hope thy EMMA dies content.

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
 The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
 But sink beneath the weight :
 Just Heaven! (I cry'd) from Memory's earliest day
 No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
 Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
 Has claim'd me for her own.
 But O!—in pity to my grief restore
 This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
 Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
 Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last——
 Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
 And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.
 When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
 How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
 With impious wish to tear her from the skies;
 How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
 But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?

Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble reverence kiss th' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting Maniac in despair.
Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy EMMA die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disast'rous fate,
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,

Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song :
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the
place.

Forgive me, Heaven !—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past !
My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast !
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along ;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund
song ?

Time creeps unconscious of delight :
How shall I cheat the tedious day ?
And O—the joyless night !
Where shall I rest my weary head ?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed ?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore ;
Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore :
Haply, when lock'd in Sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my EMMA's face ;
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear ;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah ! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes :
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas ! what pleasures now can these convey ?
Her lovely form pursues where-e'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties chear'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Through valley, grot, and grove :
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore ;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief ?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return ?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes ?
Too faithful Memory—Cease, O cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace ?

O to forget her!—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart !

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,

To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lipsing tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,

When, twining round my knees, I trace

Thy mother's smile upon thy face ?

How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more !
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distressed,
More beggar by the riches once possess.
My little darling !—dearer to me grown

By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to hear !)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,

Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier :

Who now shall seek with fond delight

Thy infant steps to guide aright ?

She, who with doating eyes would gaze

On all thy little artless ways,

By all thy soft endearments blest,

And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,

Alas ! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove

A father's dearest, tenderest love ;

And, O sweet senseless smiler (envied state !),

As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,

When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,

Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth,
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age ?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my EMMA's wonted care supply ?
And, oft as to thy listening ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell ?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less ?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy ?

MONODY VI.

AN

EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

By the Same.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of Woe;

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain :——
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love ;
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove ?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung ?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young ?

Alas, for BOTH, I weep——
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms !

A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years !
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By every art that Science could devise,
Alas ! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.
Then O our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bowe:

But why, alas ! to thee complain !
To thee—unconscious of my pain !
Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year :
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to
love.

But O for ME in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploing still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
I court my sorrows by encreasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes ?

Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose :
O what delusion did thy tongue employ !
“ That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Soften the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy ! ”
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms !
And O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd !
How did I rave of blessings yet in store !
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
utter more.——

“ Just Heaven, ” I cry'd—with recent hopes elate,
“ Yet I will live—will live, though EMMA's dead—
So long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,
Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head !
My little EMMA, now my ALL,
Will want a father's care,
Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear :
And oft together we'll complain,
Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
And prattle tales of woe.

And O in that auspicious hour,
When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
When death gives misery repose,
And opes a glorious passage to the skies.”
Vain thought! it must not be.—She too is dead—
The flattering scene is o’er,—
My hopes for ever—ever fled—
And vengeance can no more—
Crush’d by misfortune—blasted by disease—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (O falsely deem’d severe),
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear,
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov’d!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne’er had been belov’d;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne’er had touch’d the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne’er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another’s grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th’ impassion
strain,

In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :
For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of misery to impart !
From other's eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
Even HE, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

MONODY VII.

IMMORTALITY :

OR, THE

CONSOLATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DENTON, M. A.

-----Animi natura videtur
Atque animæ claranda meis jam versibus esse :
Et metus ille foras præcepit Acheruntis agendus
Funditus, humanam qui vitam turbat ab imo,
Omnia suffundens mortis nigrore.

Lucr.

WHEN black-brow'd Night her dusky mantle spread,
And wrapt in solemn gloom the sable sky ;
When soothing Sleep her opiate dews had shed,
And seal'd in silken slumbers every eye :
My wakeful thoughts admit no balmy rest,
Nor the sweet bliss of soft oblivion share ;
But watchful woe distracts my aching breast,
My heart the subject of corroding care :
From haunts of men with wand'ring steps, and slow,
I solitary steal, and sooth my pensive woe.

Yet no fell passion's rough discordant rage
Untun'd the music of my tranquil mind :
Ambition's tinsel'd charms could ne'er engage,
No harbour there could sordid av'rice find :
From lust's foul spring my grief disdains to flow,
No sighs of envy from my bosom break ;
But soft compassion melts my soul to woe,
And social tears fast trickle down my cheek.
Ah me ! when Nature gives one general groan,
Each heart must beat with woe, each voice responsive
moan.

Where'er I cast my moist'ned eyes around,
Or stretch my prospect o'er the distant land,
There foul *Corruption's* tainted steps are found,
And *Death* grim-visag'd waves his iron hand.
Though now soft *Pleasure* gild the smiling scene,
And sportive *Joy* call forth her festive train,
Sinking in night each vital form is seen,
Like air-blown bubbles on the wat'ry plain ;
Fell *Death*, like brooding *Harpy*, the repast
Will snatch with talons foul, or sour its grateful
taste.

Ye smiling glories of the youthful year,
That ope your fragrant bosoms to the day,
That clad in all the pride of spring appear,

And steep'd in dew your silken leaves display :
In *Nature's* richest robes though thus bedight,
Though her soft pencil trace your various dye,
Though lures your roseate hue the charmed sight,
Though odors sweet your neft'rous breath supply,
Soon on your leaves *Time's* cank'rous tooth shall prey,
Your dulcet dew exhaled, your beauteous bloom
decay.

Ye hedge-row elms, beneath whose spreading shade
The grazing herds defy the rattling shower ;
Ye lofty oaks, in whose wide arms display'd
The clam'rous rook builds high his airy bower ;
Stript by hoar Winter's rough inclement rage,
In mournful heaps your leafy honours lie,
Ev'n your hard ribs shall feel the force of age,
And your bare trunks the friendly shade deny ;
No more by cheerful vegetation green,
Your sapless boles shall sink, and quit th' evanid
scene.

Ye feather'd warblers of the vernal year
That careless sing, nor fear the frowns of fate,
Tune your sad notes to death and winter drear ;
Ill suit these mirthful strains your transient state.
No more with cheerful song nor sprightly air
Salute the blushes of the rising day

With doleful ditties, drooping wings repair
To the lone covert of the nightly spray,
Where love-lorn *Philomela* strains her throat
Surround the budding thorn, and swell the mournful
note.

Come, sighing *Elegy*, with sweetest airs
Of melting music teach my grief to flow ;
I too must mix my sad complaint with theirs,
Our fates are equal, equal be our woe.
Come, *Melancholy*, spread thy raven wing,
And in thy ebon car, by Fancy led,
To the dark charnel vault thy vot'ry bring,
The murky mansions of the mould'ring dead,
Where dank dews breathe, and taint the sickly skies,
Where in sad loathsome heaps all human glory lies.

Wrapt in the gloom of uncreated night,
Secure we slept in senseless matter's arms,
Nor pain could vex, nor pallid fear affright,
Our quiet fancy felt do dream's alarms.
Soon as to life our animated clay
Awakes, and conscious being opes our eyes,
Care's fretful family at once dismay,
With ghastly air a thousand phantoms rise,
Sad *Horror* hangs o'er all the deep'ning gloom,
Grief prompts the labor'd sigh, *Death* opes the marble
tomb.

Yet life's strong love intoxicates the soul,
And thirst of bliss inflames the fev'rous mind,
With eager draughts we drain the pois'nous bowl,
And in the dregs the cordial hope to find.
O heav'n! for this light end were mortals made,
And plac'd on earth, with happiness in view,
To catch with cheated grasp the flitting shade,
And with vain toil the fancied form pursue;
Then give their short-liv'd being to the wind,
As the wing'd arrow flies, and leaves no track be-
hind!

Thus lonely wand'ring through the nightly shade
Against the stern decrees of stubborn Fate,
To mockful Echo my complaints I made,
Of life's short period, or its toilsome state.
'Tis death-like silence all, no sound I hear,
Save the hoarse raven croaking from the sky,
Or scaly beetle murm'ring through the air,
Or screech-owl screaming with ill-omen'd cry;
Save when with brazen tongue from yon high tow'r
The clock deep-sounding speaks, and counts the pass-
ing hour.

Pale Cynthia, mounted on her silver car,
O'er heav'n's blue concave drives her nightly
round:
See a torn abbey, wrapt in gloom, appear

Scatter'd in wild confusion o'er the ground.
Here rav'nous *Ruin* lifts her wasteful hands
O'er briar-grown grots and bramble-shaded graves;
Safe from her wrath one weeping marble stands,
O'er which the mournful yew its umbrage waves;
Ope, ope thy pond'rous jaws, thou friendly tomb,
Close the sad deathful scene, and shroud me in thy
womb !

Forth issuing lovely from the gloomy shade,
Which stately pines in phalanx deep compose,
Fair above mortals, comes a smiling maid
To sooth my sighs, and cheer my heart-felt woes.
Here nurs'd by *Contemplation*, matron sage,
Where with mute *Solitude* she loves to dwell,
In truth's fair lore she form'd her early age,
And trimm'd the midnight lamp in lonely cell ;
Here learn'd clear reason's heav'n-sprung light to
raise
O'er passion's low-born mists, or pleasure's spurious
blaze.

Her azure mantle flows with easy grace,
Nor fashion's folds constrain, nor custom's tye ;
An optic tube she bears, each sphere to trace
That rolls its rapid orbit round the sky :
Yet not to heav'n alone her view's confin'd ;

A clear reflecting plane she holds, to show
The various movements of the reas'ning mind,
How strange ideas link, and habits grow,
Passion's fierce impulse, will's free power to scan,
To paint the featur'd soul, and mark th' internal man.

Whence these sad strains, said she, of plaintive grief,
Which pierce the sleep-clos'd ear of peaceful rest ?
Oft has the sick'ning mind here found relief,
Here quell'd the throbbing tumults of the breast :
Lift up thy loaden eyes to yon fair cloud,
Where moon-sprung *Iris* blends her beauteous dyes :
I lift them soon, and, as I gazing stood,
The fleeting phantom in a moment flies ;
Where beam'd the gilded arch of gaudy hue,
Frowns the dark low'ring cloud all gloomy to the view.

Life's emblem fit, said I, that roscid bow !
The gay illusive pageant of an hour
To real semblance tricks her airy shew,
Then sinks in night's dull arms, and is no more !
Ah ! fool, said she, though now to fancy's sight
The violet pale, the blushing red decays,
Though now no painted cloud reflect the light,
Nor drops prismatic break the falling rays,
Yet still the colors live, though none appear,
Glow in the darting beam that gilds yon crystal
sphere.

Then let not *Fancy* with her vagrant blaze
Mislead in trackless paths of wild deceit ;
On Reason's steady lamp still ardent gaze,
Led by her sober light to Truth's retreat.
Though wand'ring Ign'rance sees each form decay,
The breathless bird, bare trunk, and shrivel'd
flow'r :

New forms successive catch the vital ray,
Sing their wild notes, or smile th' allotted hour,
And search creation's ample circuit round,
Though modes of being change, all life's immortal
found.

See the slow reptile grov'ling o'er the green,
That trails through slimy paths its cumbrous load,
Start in new beauty from the lowly scene,
And wing with flutt'ring pride th' aetherial road ;
Burst their shell-prisons, see the feather'd kind,
Where in dark durance pent awhile they lie,
Dispread their painted plumage to the wind,
Brush the brisk air, swift shooting through the sky,
Hail with their choral hymns the new-born day,
Distend their joy-swoln breasts, and carol the sweet
lay.

See man, by varied periods fixt by fate,
Ascend perfection's scale by slow degree :
The plant-like foetus quits its senseless state,

And helpless hangs sweet-smiling on the knee ;
Soon outward objects steal into the brain,
Next prattling childhood lisps with mimic air,
Then mem'ry links her fleet ideal train,
And sober reason rises to compare,
The full-grown breast some manly passion warms,
It pants for glory's meed, or beats to love's alarms

Then say, since nature's high behest appears
That living forms should change of being prove
In which new joy the novel scene endears,
New objects rise to please, new wings to move ;
Since man too, taught by sage experience, knows
His frame revolving treads life's varying stage,
That the man-plant first vegetating grows,
Then sense directs, then reason rules in age ;
Say, is it strange, should death's all-dreaded hour
Waft to some unknown scenes, or wake some untold
power ?

The wise Creator wrapt in fleshly veil
The ray divine, the pure aetherial mate ;
Though worn by age the brittle fabric fail,
The smiling soul survives the frowns of fate :
Each circling year, each quick-revolving day
Touches with mould'ring tooth thy sitting fan
With furtive slight repairs th' unseen decay ;

For ever changing, yet in change the same,
Oft hast thou dropt unhurt thy mortal part,
Dare the grim terror then, or dread his guiltless dart.

The twinkling eye, whose various-humor'd round
Takes in soft net th' inverted form behind,
The list'ning ears, that catch the waving sound,
Are but mere organs of the feeling mind:
External matter thus can lend its aid,
And distant shapes with foreign pow'r supply;
Thus the long tube by *Galileo* made
Brings home the wonders of the peopled sky:
The power percipient then feels no decay,
Though blind the tube, and darkness blot the visual
ray.

When, lock'd in short suspense by sleep's soft power,
In temporary death the senses lie,
When solemn silence reigns at midnight hour,
Deaf the dull ear, and clos'd the curtain'd eye;
Objects of sense, each conscious sense asleep,
With lively image-strike the wakeful soul,
Some frowning rock that threatens the foaming deep,
Or wood-hung vale, where streams meand'ring
roll,
Some long-lost friend's returning voice you hear,
Clasp the life-pictur'd shade, and drop the pleasing
tear.

Each outward organ, as ideas rise,
Gives easy entrance to the motley train ;
Reflection calm, with retrospective eyes,
Surveys her treasures in the formful brain ;
Though Death relentless shed his baleful dew,
In Lethe dip each form-conveying power,
Unhurt *Reflection* may her themes pursue,
Smile at the ruin, safe amidst her store ;
Without one sense's aid in life's low vale,
Fancy can furnish joys, and reason lift her scale.

Thus the lone lover in the pensive shade
In day-dreams rapt of soft ecstatic bliss,
Pursues in thought the visionary maid,
Feasts on the fancy'd smile, and favor'd kiss :
Thus the young poet at the close of day,
Led by the magic of some fairy song,
Through the dun umbrage winds his heedless way,
Nor hears the babbling brook that brawls along :
Thus deathless *Newton*, deaf to nature's cries,
Would measure *Time* and *Space*, and travel 'round the
skies.

When just expiring hangs life's trembling light,
And fell disease strikes deep the deadly dart,
Reason and mem'ry burn with ardor bright,
And gen'rous passions warm the throbbing heart ;
Oft will the vig'rous soul in life's last stage

With keenest relish taste pure mental joys :
Since the fierce efforts of distemper's rage
Nor 'bates her vigour, nor her pow'rs destroys,
Say, shall her lustre death itself impair,
When in high noon she rides, then sets in dark despair ?

Though through the heart no purple tide should flow,
No quiv'ring nerve should vibrate to the brain,
The mental pow'rs no mean dependence know ;
Thought may survive, and each fair passion reign ?
As when *Lucina* ends the pangful strife,
Lifts the young babe, and lights her lambent flame,
Some powers new-waking hail the dawning life,
Some unsuspended live, unchang'd, the same ;
So from our dust fresh faculties may bloom,
Some posthumous survive, and triumph o'er the tomb.

This fibrous frame by nature's kindly law,
Which gives each joy to keen sensation here,
O'er purer scenes of bliss the veil may draw,
And cloud reflection's more exalted sphere.
When Death's cold hand with all dissolving power
Shall the close tie with friendly stroke unbind,
Alike our mortal as our natal hour
May to new being raise the waking mind :
On death's new genial day the soul may rise,
Born to some higher life, and hail some brighter
 skies.

The moss-grown tree, that shrinks with rolling years.
The drooping flowers that die so soon away,
Let not thy heart alarm with boding fears,
Nor thy own ruin date from their decay :
The blushing rose, that breathes the balmy dew,
No pleasing transports of perception knows ;
The reverend oak, that circling springs renew,
Thinks not, nor by long age experienc'd grows :
Thy fate and theirs confess no kindred tie :
Though their frail forms may fade, shall sense and
reason die ?

Nor let life's ill, that in dire circle rage,
Steal from thy heaving breast those labor'd sighs ;
These, the kind tutors of thy infant age,
Train the young pupil for the future skies :
Unschool'd in early prime, in riper years
Wretched and scorn'd still struts the bearded boy :
The tingling rod bedew'd with briny tears
Shoots forth in graceful fruits of manly joy :
The painful cares that vex the toilsome spring
Shall plenteous crops of bliss in life's last harvest
bring.

She ceas'd, and vanish'd into sightless wind—
O'er my torn breast alternate passions sway,
Now Doubt desponding damps the wav'ring mind,
Now Hope reviving sheds her cheerful ray.

Soon from the skies in heav'nly white array'd,
 Faith to my sight reveal'd, fair Cherub! stood,
With life replete the volume she display'd,
 Seal'd with the ruddy stains of crimson blood;
Each fear now starts away, as spectres fly
When the sun's orient beam first gilds the purple sky.

Mean while the faithful herald of the day,
 The village cock, crows loud with trumpet shrill,
The warbling lark soars high, and, morning grey,
 Lifts her glad forehead o'er the cloud-wrapt hill:
Nature's wild music fills the vocal vale;
 The bleating flocks that bite the dewy ground,
The lowing herds that graze the woodland dale,
 And cavern'd echo, swell the cheerful sound;
Homeward I bend with clear unclouded mind,
Mix with the busy world, and leave each care be-
 hind.

NOTES

ON

ELEGIES

LOCAL, SYMPATHETIC, AND FUNEREAL ;
AND MONODIES.

ELEGY I.

Page 3. *FIRST* a celestial form——] Ariel in the Tempest.

4. *Another form succeeded to my view ;*

A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,]

Caliban in the Tempest.

ib. The flow'ry margin of a silent stream,

O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,

And gilt by silver CYNTHIA's maiden beam.]

Fairy-land from the Midsummer Night's Dream.

5. *Where three swart sisters of the weird band*

Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.]

The witches in Macbeth.

6. *Now a dire yell of spirits underground]* Ghosts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.

ELEGY III.

Page 25. Thus silver wharf,——] A river near the scene of battle, in which were slain 35,000 men.

ELEGY IV.

Page 26. The remains of Netley, or rather *Letteley Abbey*, the subject of this elegy, are situated in the parish of Hound, on the eastern side of the Southampton river, between the town and Calshot Castle. In the year 1329 king Henry III. founded it as a monastery for Cistercian monks from Beaulieu, and commended it to the patronage of St. Mary and St. Edward. The spot where it stands is almost surrounded with beautiful woods, and its prospects both by land and water, are extensive and delightful.

ELEGY V.

*Page 38. Nor Edward's piety, nor Henry's might,
Could ward the all-subduing conqueror's
blow ;]* Edward VI. and Henry V.
both buried in Westminster Abbey.

40. *And her lov'd Campbell sad Snadela wails.]*
Duke of Argyle.

ib. Lo! noble Cart'ret's urn! illustrious youth!]
The monument of this young nobleman is distinguished by a fine figure of Time, standing on an altar, with a scroll in his hand, containing an elegant copy of sapphic verses, well known and greatly admired.

ELEGY VII.

Page 47. It has been often said, that Fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the Writer of Pollio acknowledges it is a circumstance against him. This Ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

ELEGY XII.

Page 68. The Author of this Elëgy was son of a gentleman in the county of Limerick, and possessed a competent estate. Having been freed from restraint by the death of his father, and being improperly indulged by his mother, he became guilty of excesses, which were the source of much unhappiness towards the close of his life. His classical education he acquired in the Diocesan School of Limerick, and was in 1751 admitted Fellow Commoner in Trinity College, Dublin. From that university he came over to the Middle Temple for the purpose of studying the law, and died on the 20th of July 1767.

69. *That fell disease,* ~~_____~~] Small Pox.

70. *Or near that pile, where, mouldering in the tomb,*

The frail remains of once fam'd St. John lie,]

Battersea, where lord Bolingbroke lies buried.

70. *Thine was* Borhame,——] Borhame, king of all Ireland, totally overthrew the Danes many years before the English entered that kingdom. His family reigned in Munster for some centuries. When Ireland was reduced they accepted the dignity of earls of Thomond. By the death of Henry O'Brien, the last earl, this family became extinct.

71. *And freed* Eblana's joyful turrets ring.] Eblana was the ancient name of Dublin.

ELEGY XIII.

*Page 80. But who is he that by yon lonely brook,
With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,
Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple
flood ?]* Such, according to Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

ELEGY XIV.

Page 85. The Author of this little Poem to the memory of an unhappy Princess, is unwilling to enter into the controversy respecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to observe, that the following facts may be proved to demonstration: The Letters, which have always been esteemed as the principal proof of Queen Mary's guilt, are forged. Buchanan, on whose authority Thuanus and other historians have condemned her, has falsified several circumstances of her history, and has cited against her public records which never existed, as has been lately proved to demon-

stration. And, to add no more, the treatment she received from her illustrious Cousin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian, a policy which trampled on the obligations of Honor, of Humanity, and Morality. Whence it may be inferred, that to express the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary which history must ever inspire, and to drop a tear over her sufferings, is not unworthy of a Writer who would appear in the cause of Virtue.

89. “ *While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
Thy future woes in boding sighs confess !*] The unhappy Mary in her infancy was sent to France, to the care of her mother’s family, the House of Guise. The French Court was at that time the gayest and most gallant of Europe. Here the Princess of Scotland was educated, with all the distinctions due to her high rank ; and, as soon as years would allow, she was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis II. On the death of this monarch, which closed a short reign, the politics of the House of Guise required the return of the young Queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmost reluctance ! and on her landing in her native kingdom, it was in the month of November, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy, which seemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

90. *Amid the gloomy clouds of rolling smoke,
The high pil’d city rears her Gothic towers ;*

*The stern-brow'd castle, from his lofty rock,
Looks scornful down, and fixt defiance lowers*

These circumstances, descriptive of the enviro Holy Rood House, are local. Yet, however di the unimproved November view may appear, connoisseur in gardening will perceive, that planta and the other efforts of art, could easily conver prospect into an agreeable and most romantic sun landscape.

90. *Far other spouse now wakes her midnight hour,*
Lord Darnly; the handsomest man of his age, l worthless debauchee of no abilities.

ib. Another nuptial couch the Fates prepare,] Her: riage with the Earl of Bothwell; an unprincipled litician of great address.

91. *Now thro' the streets a weeping captive borne,*
When she was brought prisoner through the stret Edinburgh, she suffered almost every indignity w an enraged mob could offer. Her person was daubed with mire, and her ear insulted with c term of vulgar abuse. Even Buchanan, whe relates these circumstances, seems to drop a tear them.

ib. No female eye her sickly bed to tend !] A fact

ELEGY XV.

98. *Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite*

*Who proudly swell the brazen throat of War,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;]*

In a book of *French verses*, written by the late King of Prussia, entitled *Oeuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci*, and reprinted at *Berlin* by authority, under the title of *Poesies Diverses*, may be found an epistle to Marshal KEITH, written professedly against the immortality of the Soul.

ELEGY XVI.

Page 103. *The Muse of* BLAGDON, *o'er* CONSTANTIA's tomb,] See verses written at Sandgate Castle in memory of a Lady, by Dr. Langhorne.

ELEGY XVIII.

Page 110. Miss Mary Dod, eldest daughter of Pierce Dod, M. D. died of a malignant sore throat, at a time when that malady was remarkably fatal to many families in this kingdom, and particularly to the Pelham.

MONODIES.

MONODY I.

Page 123. *Came* TYTYRUS *slow, with head all silver'd o'er,*] i. e. CHAUCER, a name frequently given him by Spenser.

124. *When* COLIN CLOUT, *Eliza's shepherd swain,*] i. e. SPENSER, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

124. "*Ah! luckless swain, alas! how art thou lorn,*]" The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to Pastoral, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*; the rest, where he speaks of Fable, are in the stanza of the *Faery Queen*.

126. *And THYRSIS hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,*] That is, MILTON. *Lycidas*, and the *Epitaphium Damonis*, are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's; in the latter of which, where he laments *Car. Deodatus* under the name of *Damon*, he calls himself *Thyrsis*.

MONODY II.

Page 136. *The fair resemblance of a martyr queen*] *Lady Jane Grey*, Act V.

MONODY V.

Page 154. The Author of this Monody was born in the county of Durham, and educated at the free-school in Darlington, of which he became usher in 1756. He soon, however, quitted that situation, and joined a strolling company of comedians. In 1760 he performed with Mr. Foote, and the next winter at Covent-Garden; but with little success. Finding the profession he had adopted incompetent to his support, he applied to his pen for subsistence, and married the lady whose death gave occasion to this composition. He had some concern in the education of the present Earl of Chesterfield. He died Sept. 1, 1771.

THE END.

